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THE
NATION

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LETTERS

the folly, the disgrace

Oakland, Calif.
Fritz Efaw's "Amnesty: Carter's First Issue" [*The Nation*, Dec. 4], means that, inasmuch as "pardon" is what Gerald Ford granted Nixon, the word has lost all definition. Thus, "amnesty" is what Carter must grant Vietnam veterans.

Amnesty for all: for participants and nonparticipants—for participants for bearing arms, for nonparticipants for acting independently. Universal amnesty for the first time will reveal the folly and disgrace of an illegal war.

Marion M. Sandomire

Boulder, Colo.
Your readers might like to have a glimpse into the mind of a Vietnam War deserter who was in camp less than two months and who landed in Sweden ten years ago this month—a quiet, affectionate boy.

"Dear Grandfather & Grandmother: I am working on a farm . . . in the north of Sweden. . . . Could you send the money you are saving for me to Mom? If one cannot work at building a nation or . . . for one's self, what is there to work for? . . . I don't do much other than eat, sleep and work. Love. . . ."

I am 79 and have cancer. My wife is 80 and has hardening of the arteries. We have a deep desire to see the young man again.

Names withheld by request

keeping tabs on Latin America

Princeton, N.J.
I would like to correct one statement in Penny Lernoux's otherwise excellent article, "Our Latin American Poll Watchers" [*The Nation*, Nov. 13].

In describing the immense impact of U.S. business interests on the making of U.S. policy toward Latin America, Ms. Lernoux comments that "Apart from a few scholars and religious organizations, the only Americans who are well informed on Latin American affairs are the representatives of U.S. companies with subsidiaries in the region."

Fortunately for all of us, this statement is not quite true: for the past ten years, the North American Congress on Latin America has been collecting, analyzing and disseminating information on U.S. involvement in Latin America. Its monthly journal, the *Latin America & Empire Report*, has achieved a worldwide renown for its critical studies of U.S. political, military, economic and cultural penetration of the region. *Nation* readers who would like to have access to this material should write to NACLA, P.O. Box 57, New York, N.Y. 10025 or P.O. Box 226, Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

Michael Klare

true bill against Stroessner

Camas, Wash.
Penny Lernoux's article on Paraguay [*The Nation*, Nov. 13] dealt only sparingly with the issue of the genocide against the Indians of that land. It states that the Guaraní Tribe has been reduced from 150,000 to 30,000 since the Spanish settlement in the 1500s, but does not make clear what proportion of this loss has occurred since Stroessner took power in 1954. It is my contention that if it can be proven that there has been a concerted campaign of murder and enslavement directed against the Indians since 1954, then a good case can be made for formally charging Stroessner with mass genocide and engaging in the chattel slave trade, if the report of the San Juan Nepomuceno slave market is correct.

The French philosopher Voltaire wrote a famous line in his great work *Candide* having to do with the expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay in the mid-1700s: "It is a great system they have there . . . the people have nothing!" It would seem that little, if anything, has changed in Para-

(Continued on page 690)

EDITORIALS

Micro, Macro Melodrama

Micronesia and Macronesia are in a difficult negotiation. It has been going on for a long time and is approaching confrontation. One is going to take over the other, unless outside forces intervene—or unless war breaks out. The two "states" are the same geographic size; they both have an area of about 3 million square miles. Relations between them become extremely tense when it is revealed that the intelligence agency of one of them has managed to tap the phones and "bug" the negotiating headquarters of the other. An international crisis of the first order? Will the U.N. intervene to preserve the peace?

We raise the gauze curtain on the melodrama at this point and reveal the true cast of characters and the real nature of this struggle. The character "Macronesia" is the United States of America. The character Micronesia is in fact that collection of Pacific islands scattered over an area the size of the United States (and in that sense only of "the same size"). Micro's population is about 110,000, thinly sprinkled on such atolls, famous from the 1940s war against Japan, as Saipan and Kwajalein. Macro's population, not to say wealth and power, is greater by a factor of about 2,000. If it came to war, either of Macro's Wichitas could wipe out the whole population of those Melanesian Malinowskivilles.

This situation was revealed in the December 12th *Washington Post*, in a story full of wrinkles, by Bob Woodward (who has been known to uncover other "intelligence" operations). He reports that the CIA, in its habitual way, has been spying on the negotiators for the residents of the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands, among the 2,200 other strategic specks. It then revealed the fruit of its electronic surveillance—the bargaining position of these wards of ours—to the State Department, which was handling "our side." Some State Department workers, along with their Department of Justice colleagues, were apparently bothered enough by this tilted game to spill the beans to the *Post*'s Woodward.

Enter the heavies. The Pentagon already has one base out in those Western Pacific outposts, and it wants at least two more in case things start going wrong "base-wise" in Japan, the Philippines and Korea. The trouble is that we administer Micronesia as trustee for the United Nations, having solemnly promised to promote its future "self-government and independence." There is no sign that Macro wants to give up its strategic position in Micro-land just for the sake of the bubble independence. The Macro intent is to give its presence there a twist currently called "free association," and go on running the sprawling Pacific show at an annual pittance of $80 million. (See Gifford Johnson's first-hand report, p. 677.)

Already the Micro front of unity, if it can be called that, has been split. The Marianas broke off from the rest and in March of this year made a separate deal with Washington whereby those islands will become a U.S. territory in 1981, like Guam. If the CIA's electronic snooping works well enough and is combined with a little judicious bribery, the rest of Micronesia might go that

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convenient way and the whole independence bubble would finally burst.

President Ford was told about all this skulduggery several months ago when the State Department, or parts of it, protested the CIA's loading of the dice. His magisterial decision was to buck the moral and practical problem of the tappings and buggings to the Attorney General for his ruling on the proprieties. No decision yet. Ford then named that grim old hard-liner Graham A. Martin, our bitter-end Ambassador to Saigon, to handle the Micronesian negotiations, but the Senate has delayed his confirmation after a moment of reflection.

A final intriguing note is that Micronesia has as its legal counsel and Washington representative one Paul C. Warnke, a man who has been on every short list for a high place in President-elect Carter's defense-intelligence hierarchy, even as director of the CIA. Warnke told Woodward that the alleged CIA snooping on his clients was "completely immoral, overreaching and taking advantage of the other side"—an odd diminuendo on the scale of civilized values.

The morality of this tale of Macro and Micro is obvious. Promises about sovereignty weigh nothing in the scales that measure "national security" and "world order." And it is A-O.K. to spy on your wards and undermine their negotiating positions if they dare to ask you to live up to your side of a bargain you agreed to in a more innocent age. But how long can the United States go on living comfortably in a world in which countries large and small have no ground for trusting its word on anything?

Fiddling with Our Very Lives

As the oil cartel, dominated by the Arabs, tries to extract more money from the developed world, and as the United States' dependence on imported fuel creeps up toward 50 per cent of its total needs, the pressures grow for alternative energy sources, and the favored one is nuclear. It is therefore extremely disturbing to find that those pressures include fiddling with safety standards on nuclear reactors by the governmental agency charged with the setting and enforcement of those standards.

Peter Kovler wrote in this magazine last week that behind several resignations of scientists from the staff of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which reflected growing worries by many professionals on the NRC, was a campaign by the heads of that agency to resolve most doubts in favor of energy production, not safety. One of them went so far as to say that the safety review methods imposed by the NRC's top bureaucrats amounted to a campaign of "fear and terror" designed to stifle honest reporting by the concerned scientists and technicians in their handling of matters affecting the safety of literally millions of Americans who live within range of the fallout from a possible disaster at a nuclear plant.

Now there has been a hearing on this life-and-death

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

The Nation will not publish on January 1. Our next issue will be dated January 1-8, 1977.

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question before the Senate Government Operations Committee and several of these concerned NRC scientists aired their worries. They felt strongly enough about them to risk their careers with the agency. One of these honest and courageous engineers, Demetrios L. Basdekas, told the Senate committee that "practices, both open and secret, legal and illegal . . . have been used to coerce, intimidate and by-pass technical reviewers" and that these practices are "often motivated by improper influences directly or indirectly from those who are regulated." Another, Jose A. Calvo, told of "external pressure . . . upon the licensing process." It was clear that those pressures came from the nuclear power industry, transmitted through the compliant hierarchy of the NRC.

Control of the regulators by the supposedly regulated is an old and sad story in this country. But it is one thing for the broadcasting industry, for instance, to "influence" the Federal Communications Commission (after all, only taste and morals are at stake there) and an altogether different matter for manufacturers of nuclear power plants and for public utilities to control the safety standards of their deadly business. Life itself, for millions, is at stake here.

Ralph Nader has said that the dangers inherent in the nuclear energy business are so great that control of it might have to rest in the hands of a "nuclear priesthood," with the kind of intense and selfless dedication to the public welfare that phrase implies. It is the opposite of the pliant accommodation to the demands of the power industry that has apparently infected the federal nuclear regulators. And it is not too much to say that those scientists who risked their livelihoods when they stood up and told the Senate what was going on have taken their first vows. The public can hope that they will inspire other nuclear professionals to follow their fine example.

Smoking Out the Hangmen

The executive branch of the federal government has long behaved as though secrets were its lifeblood, to be defended at all cost against clumsy busybodies who might start "leaks" that would somehow cause the nation to bleed to death. The chief exponent of this paranoid style of government is our lame-duck Secretary of State and, by extension, the State Department. That Foggy Bottom has learned nothing from eight Vietnam- and Watergate-ridden years is proven by its latest (and among its most absurd) exercises in secrecy.

Last September and October Rep. Thomas Morgan, who was then head of the House Committee on International Relations, formally requested that the State Department prepare reports on the state of human rights in six countries as provided under section 502-B of the International Security Assistance and Arms Control Act of 1976. That Act, it should be noted, is not highly regarded by Kissinger, et al., since it provides for a cutoff in military aid to a recipient country that has engaged in a "consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights." The intent of section 502-B is to enable Congress to gather and evaluate data on human rights in order to weigh such cutoffs.

Lobbyists for Americans for Democratic Action had been urging that Congressmen request such information. Accordingly, Representative Morgan asked the State Department for reports on Argentina, Haiti, Peru, Indonesia, Iran and the Philippines—and the Department, unable to do otherwise, prepared the reports. But the secret-hoarders had one last barricade to retreat behind. On October 28 the first three reports arrived in Congress, marked "confidential." As the matter stands at present, only members of the House and House International Relations Committee staff have access to them.

Such a maneuver would be laughable were it not so reminiscent of years of stonewalling. The language of 502-B clearly suggests that the State Department reports written in response to formal Congressional requests are to be used as the basis for public debate over cutoffs of military aid. How such debates are to take place if the representatives of the public cannot divulge classified information on the floor of the House appears not to puzzle the bureaucrats of diplomacy.

Asked why the reports were classified, a Department spokesman gave as one reason that they contain privileged information from the governments of the countries concerned. It would certainly be interesting to read the Shah's views on torture chambers in Iran, but it is doubtful that he would be very forthcoming on the subject.

The real reasons for the "confidential" stamp can probably be found in 502-B itself. The section requires that the reports spell out what the United States is doing, through its diplomacy, to end the violation of human rights in countries that receive our aid. And if, in the august judgment of the Secretary of State, we should continue to give aid *despite* the violations, the report must say why. Such excuses for aid to favored juntas are offered annually during the discussions of military assistance legislation, but at that time the facts about each country are buried among dozens of others under consideration. The 502-B reports would attract embarrassing attention because they would be few and issued in response to formal expressions of Congressional concern.

The State Department spokesman says that requests have come "from the Hill" to declassify parts of the reports on these six nations, and that such action may be taken in two or three weeks. (Rep. Donald Fraser [D., Minn.] is one of those who have repeatedly called for declassification.) But such a promise drowns in its own vagueness. The reports should be declassified tomorrow. All people deeply involved in the struggle for human rights need them, as do the thousands of political prisoners who molder in the jails of "friendly" dictatorships.

The Third Man

Apparently it is possible for a rich young man to disappear, to be found a few days later (after his family has forked over a ransom of $2.3 million), for the two men he was found with (his alleged abductors) to be convicted of extortion—and yet for this strange set of circumstances not to be a kidnaping. That is the message of the Bronfman "kidnaping" case which has stirred the public prints in New York to flights of fancy worthy of tabloid journalism in its 1920s' heyday. The only reason that it is worth a word of comment is that it

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seems to say something about the idea of equal justice and the oddities of the law.

Young Samuel Bronfman II, third-generation heir to the Seagram liquor millions, claimed that a New York City fireman and a limousine operator had kidnaped him and held him for a $2.3 million ransom which his father, Edgar, duly paid. (We will skip the comedy part in which 100 FBI agents surrounding the ransom pick-up area immediately lost track of the fireman's car, though one of them remembered enough of TV's *The FBI Story* to note the license plate.) The state accepted this story and prosecuted the fireman and the operator on that basis. Their defense was that young Bronfman had put them up to it in a sly attempt to anticipate his legacy, so to speak.

The jury that had to try to penetrate the mysteries decided that the two charged with kidnaping had not perpetrated that particular crime and yet had indeed been guilty of a bit of extortion. The legal mind can easily hurdle the logical thickets between that verdict and plain sense. The lay mind has a harder time with it. If these two men extorted money from a wealthy family in exchange for the return of its scion, who somehow got into their restraining hands, why is that not also a kidnaping of the classic order? Lay common sense finds it hard to believe, as the two accused abductors maintained, that young Bronfman was not in on the plot. The law's answer is that the jury did not believe, "beyond a reasonable doubt," that kidnaping was a part of this caper. The jury, thoroughly instructed in the ways and byways of the law, did not find that there was no kidnaping—it simply handled the matter by finding that there might be a reasonable doubt on that point, and so it settled for a verdict of mere extortion. Common sense asks, if Bronfman was not kidnaped, what part did he play?

Samuel Bronfman II had the benefit of high-priced legal talent in preparing his story, and the state's prosecutors bulled ahead on that basis. (One is reminded of the star-quality lawyers the Hearst family retained to defend their daughter, Patty.) But the Bronfman and Hearst cases are uncomfortable reminders that people without their resources who get into bad scrapes often have little legal help and suffer fearful punishment from the cold workings of a system of treadmill justice.

There is a happy ending to the Bronfman case—at least for Samuel Bronfman II. The 23-year-old liquor heir told a crowded press conference after the verdict that he "went into that kidnaping a little boy and I came out a man." The two convicted men can reflect on their contribution to his maturity as they sit in jail.

The New Member

Recent news stories which have mentioned Dr. Harold Brown, president of the California Institute of Technology, as a likely Cabinet appointee—possibly Secretary of Defense—focus attention on an interesting sideline action in Los Angeles. Several years ago, Dr. Brown, who is Jewish, was proposed for membership in the California Club, the city's most prestigious men's club. Founded in 1888, the club originally had a few Jewish members who, as pioneer merchants and bankers, could hardly have been excluded at that time. But in later years the names of their sons and grandsons did not appear on the membership rolls.

Not surprisingly, therefore, the initial proposal of Dr. Brown for membership did not meet with a favorable response. More recently, it was renewed with the backing of several influential club members, including Dr. Franklin Murphy, former chancellor of UCLA and currently chairman of the board of directors of the Times-Mirror Co. After protracted backstage discussions and maneuverings, the application was finally approved and Dr. Brown, as *Time* put it, agreed to be a "test case." He became a member a week or so before he was mentioned in the national press as a possible future Secretary of Defense.

With 1,200 members, the California Club, according to a report by Barry Siegel in the *Los Angeles Times* of December 6, has no blacks or Mexican-Americans as members and there were no Jewish members until Dr. Brown was admitted in the last week of November. The Jonathan Club, with 3,500 members, where the junior executives and professionals gather, also accepts no blacks or Mexican-Americans in its membership and has only "one or two" Jewish members. Whether the admission of Dr. Brown, a former Secretary of the Air Force and Assistant Secretary of Defense—a man with excellent qualifications and credentials for the post of Secretary of Defense—to membership in the California Club represents the beginning of a change in admission policies for both clubs or merely a tactical retreat in the particular case, remains to be seen. But the fact that he became a member just when he did has rescued the California Club, the city, and the aerospace industry of Southern California from an awkward and embarrassing situation should he be named Secretary of Defense. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Ebeye: Apartheid, U.S. Style

Gifford Johnson

While Henry Kissinger was in Africa last fall, "solving" the problems of apartheid there, the United States was maintaining that same system as part of the military establishment of the American empire in the Pacific.

Ebeye, Marshall Islands, Trust Territory of the Pacific —that is where the U.S. military keeps the Marshallese who work at the Kwajalein Missile Range. Some 7,000 people live on this dusty, disease-ridden slum of an island, barely 70 acres in size. Houses are packed in everywhere; trash, bottles, cans, used diapers and food litter the high-water mark on the beach only 5 feet beyond the rows of houses that line both sides of the narrow island. Under blazing sunlight there is an ever present smell of garbage and outhouses, and sometimes of smoke blown back from

Gifford Johnson has recently made a study trip through Micronesia, when he interviewed people living in the Marshalls, Marianas, Carolines and other island groups.

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the dump burning at the tip of the island.

Kwajalein lies 8 miles away, around the lagoon from Ebeye. Its lush green golf course is just one of the amenities provided for the military and its families; there are also spacious parks and baseball fields, free movies, handball courts, swimming pools, numerous tennis and basketball courts, a community center and a scout hut for the young people; air-conditioned houses with neat lawns and shady fenced yards, beautiful beaches, coconut and other trees for relief from the tropical sun, top-flight schools and a hospital for good medical care. All these are part of life for the 3,000 Americans on Kwajalein.

Ebeye, twenty-five minutes away by ferry, has the highest population density in the Pacific. But, in contrast to the abundant sports and recreational facilities on Kwajalein, Ebeye has almost none. For the thousands of young people on the island there are one and a half basketball courts and one empty lot sandwiched between buildings —nothing else. Children play on the sewage outfall pipe above the narrow beach, where the outhouses crowd between the high-water mark and the shabby housing.

The pre-school is in a small old wooden building; the elementary school is more wooden buildings and eight classrooms in a cement-block annex. Together they provide barely enough space for half the children, and hundreds of children wander the island in aimless groups during the day. Workers who want their older children to go to intermediate or high school must send them to the district center at Majuro ($53.80 one way). Many cannot, of course, and 12-to-16-year-olds hang around and drink beer—there's nothing else to do.

No Marshallese may live on Kwajalein, but more than 500 work there, at service and maintenance jobs for the military and its families. Workers who make the ferry trip each morning must be off Kwajalein by 9 P.M.

The menial jobs necessary to keep a military base clean and trim and functioning pay the Marshallese at least the U.S. minimum wage of $2.40 per hour—the average wage is $3.15. With this the breadwinner must feed ten to twenty people at Ebeye prices, which are high for the scanty supplies of canned fish and vegetables, soda pop and candy in small shops. Shopping at low military PX prices on Kwajalein is closed to Marshallese.

Even to go to the places on Kwajalein where they are allowed, such as the airport or post office, the Marshallese must first fill out an application and receive a permit from the office of the District Administrator on Ebeye. And the free ferry runs only at the hours when the workers commute—otherwise, the water taxi costs $1 each way.

Most of the trees on Ebeye have been cut down and the houses crowded in. The government supplies 308 one-room units, each housing a family, in one-story dingy, unpainted cement-block structures. The other half of the housing is shabby wooden houses and shacks. From ten to twenty people live in each of the one- and two-room houses. Perhaps as many as two-thirds of them have electricity and running water, which doesn't mean they have hot water or toilets or showers—"running water" may simply mean a faucet outside the house.

There are no outhouses on Kwajalein; the government supplies indoor bathrooms with hot water, and air conditioning as well. From the nameplate next to every door, it appears that only one family lives in each house.

U.N. and other studies expose the critical health and sanitation conditions on Ebeye. A recent report called Ebeye "a biological time bomb waiting to go off." Yet there is only one doctor for the 7,000 people on the island, and doctors on Kwajalein are prohibited from volunteering to serve on Ebeye. This is South Africa in the Pacific, but not yet Soweto. With the Marshallese totally dependent on dollars spent by the U.S. military, complaints about health conditions are rarely heard.

The U.N. Trusteeship Agreement calls for the United States to promote the economic, educational and social advancement of the inhabitants and to protect the "rights and fundamental freedoms of all elements of the population without discrimination." Thirty years of destructive American action in the Marshall Islands, from the Bikini bomb tests to apartheid on Ebeye, have forced the Marshallese into dependence on this degrading source of income, with what Senator Kabua calls "all the ills of the ghetto" and no chance for economic development. The Marshalls will never develop toward "self-government or independence" as specified in the U.N. Agreement if they have no choice but to clean up after the military at the Kwajalein Missile Range. □

STRANGE GLEE AT *THE OBSERVER*

WHY ASTOR SOLD IT TO ARCO

GODFREY HODGSON

London

You might have supposed that the press conference to announce the sale of *The Observer*, one of London's two most important serious Sunday newspapers, to a subsidiary of an American oil company, would have had something of the atmosphere of a wake, at least for those who were being forced to sell. Far from it. Those who might have been expected to mourn made no effort to conceal their jubilation. And the reasons for their almost unseemly mood of self-congratulation reveal a great deal about the loss of nerve on the part of the people who run many British institutions, and that, in turn, explains a good deal about the country's plight.

The conference was held in the Domino room of the

Godfrey Hodgson writes for the Sunday Times *of London and has worked as a correspondent abroad also for* The Observer. *He is co-author of* American Melodrama, *about the 1968 Presidential campaign, and author of the recently published* America: In Our Time *(Doubleday).*

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Café Royal, a few steps from Piccadilly Circus. At the middle of the long table sat Lord Goodman, a corpulent, cross-looking solicitor who is the Master of University College, Oxford, and chairman not only of *The Observer* but also until recently of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, which might unkindly be described as the British press lords' cartel. No social landscape of London in the last ten years would be complete without the vast figure of Arnold Goodman. He is an intimate of former Prime Minister Harold Wilson, a skillful fund raiser and a subtle negotiator, man of confidence to an astonishingly high proportion of the diminishing band of London's wealthy and great, and a man of secrets in a society obsessed with secrecy.

On Goodman's right was Douglass Cater. As the man who had arranged the sale, Cater had the good manners to maintain a sober demeanor. Son of an Alabama lawyer, even at Harvard his orotund manner earned him the nickname of "the Jedge." As Washington correspondent of *The Reporter* in the late 1950s and early 1960s, the same manner had earned Cater the confidence of Southern Senators, and his *Reporter* work won him a place in Lyndon Johnson's White House. Since then, he has been director of something called the "Thought Leading to Action Program on Communications and Society" of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, moving amiably and fluently between his home on the Stanford campus at Palo Alto, an office on Fifth Avenue in New York, richly decorated with modern paintings and tapestries, outposts in Tokyo and Berlin, and the headquarters of this cultural multinational in Aspen, Colo. There, amid the summer Rockies, corporate statesmen are introduced to a somewhat bland intellectual diet.

Next to Cater sat David Astor, the man who was actually selling *The Observer*—though so coarsely direct a way of describing the transaction may give him pain. Last year, after twenty-seven years, he retired from the editorship. It was exclusively as editor of the paper that he liked to be known, though in fact he was virtually its owner. His grandfather bought it shortly after he arrived in Britain from the United States. Some emphasis has been laid on the fact that the Astor family transferred the duty of deciding who should be the editor to an Editorial Trust. It was far less widely known that there was in fact another trust, the Publishing Trust, which owned most of the common stock on behalf of the Astors. Whatever the legal or public relations niceties, the plain fact is that David Astor and his family owned *The Observer* until they chose to sell it to Robert Orville Anderson and Atlantic Richfield.

Next to Astor sat Kenneth Harris, a veteran of *The Observer* whose *cri de coeur* to his old friend Cater brought Robert Anderson and ARCO galloping to the rescue. The paper's present editor, Donald Trelford; its business manager; a friendly newspaper owner; and two younger members of the Astor family made up the company at the high table.

Something of these people's attitudes to the reporter's trade, which is after all the basic activity on which all their more amusing or rewarding occupations depend, was unconsciously revealed by the atmosphere of the press conference. Lord Goodman repeatedly tried to bring the proceedings to a close, though the reporters still had plenty of questions to ask. In particular, they understandably pressed to know what the selling price had been. Since it is said that *The Observer*, with all its near two centuries of glorious history, its two-thirds of a million readers, its plant, its advertising and its talented staff was sold—no doubt for good lawyers' reasons—for exactly one solitary, devalued pound sterling, these questions can hardly be said to have been devoid of legitimate interest. But Goodman repeatedly and testily refused to answer questions about the price. He took little trouble to conceal his contempt for men reduced to earning their living by asking questions about other people's business.

Goodman's style—if that is the right word—in dealing with reporters was revealing enough. What was even more extraordinary was the open glee with which all concerned accepted the deal. *The Observer*'s independence had been *saved*, they kept repeating, as though it had been delivered from a fate worse than death. Its *independence* has been saved? the reporters asked incredulously. By selling it? To a foreign oil company? Well, yes, the answer kept coming back in variants: you see, Robert Anderson is such a terrifically good chap.

This strain was further elaborated in the next edition of the paper. "Oil Men with a Conscience," ran the headline on a profile of Anderson and ARCO by the paper's Los Angeles correspondent. Next to it was a half-page, two-column cut of Anderson, up to his knees in a mountain stream, in waders and a ten-gallon hat: an ad for Marlboro country. "Robert O. Anderson," ran the caption under this obsequious art: "a man of very broad scope." The quotation was taken from a Mr. Thornton Bradshaw, the president of Atlantic Richfield, who seems to know which side his scope is buttered on.

Why were David Astor and his colleagues so very delighted to sell to Anderson and ARCO? Why were they so very sure that the deal with ARCO guaranteed the paper's independence? Relief, gratitude, a courteous acceptance of new partners: these would all be normal where a long-established institution had been going through hard times, and had suddenly found an answer to its financial problems. But why such positive, unmistakable glee? Why such naive dismissal of the very idea that an oil company might have a self-interested motive in buying a newspaper? Why, in one short, rude phrase, such enthusiasm for selling out?

Their own explanation is plausible enough, on the surface. "When it first became known that *The Observer* was seeking outside financial support," the paper's editorial began, "we stressed that those concerned with the newspaper's future would seek to preserve its editorial character." But that language needs a translation. For "seek to preserve its editorial character," read "go to any lengths to avoid having anyone who knew anything about newspapers coming in and making us change the way we've been running the show like a family sweet shop for the last twenty years." And to understand why they felt that so strongly, it is necessary to understand at least in outline how *The Observer*'s troubles arose, and what alternatives the Astor family and its retainers faced.

(Continued on page 688)

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THE FBI ON TRIAL

WAS FRED HAMPTON EXECUTED?

JEFF GOTTLIEB & JEFF COHEN

In the predawn hours of December 4, 1969, Chicago police, under the direction of the Cook County State's Attorney's Office, raided the ramshackle headquarters of the local chapter of the Black Panther Party. When the smoke cleared, Chairman Fred Hampton and party member Mark Clark were dead; four others lay seriously wounded.

Today in Chicago, seven years after the raid, the facts are slowly emerging, as a civil trial crawls through its tenth month. The families of Hampton and Clark, along with the seven who survived the foray, have filed a $47.7 million damage suit. Edward Hanrahan, three former and present FBI agents, an ex-FBI informant, and twenty-six other police personnel stand accused of having conspired to violate the civil rights of the Panthers, and then of covering it up. In essence, the plaintiffs and their lawyers are out to prove that the FBI/police conspired to execute Fred Hampton.

At 17, Hampton was a black youth on the road to "making it" in white America. He was graduated from high school in Maywood, Ill. with academic honors, three varsity letters, and a Junior Achievement Award. Four years later he was dead.

As youth director of the Maywood NAACP, he had built an unusually strong 500-member youth group in a community of 27,000. After his nonviolent, integrationist activities aroused the hostility of Maywood authorities, Hampton moved to Chicago where he organized a local chapter of the Black Panther Party.

As Panther chief in Chicago, Hampton built a reputation as a uniter, bringing together the "Rainbow Coalition" of Puerto Rican, white and black poor people, and engineering a tenuous peace among several warring ghetto gangs. His death was a blow to this multiracial united front.

Within hours of the raid, the authorities offered their explanation of what had occurred. Chicago Police Sgt. Daniel Groth, who led the fourteen police raiders, said:

> There must have been six or seven of them firing. The firing must have gone on ten or twelve minutes. If 200 shots were exchanged, that was nothing. . . . It's a miracle that not one policeman was killed.

At a press conference that day, State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan issued a statement, saying in part:

> The immediate, violent and criminal reaction of the occupants in shooting at announced police officers emphasizes the extreme viciousness of the Black Panther Party. So does their refusal to cease firing at police officers when urged to do so several times.

On December 11, the *Chicago Tribune* ran an account drawn from the policemen involved in the assault, and accompanied by a photograph of the apartment on which circles were drawn around what purported to be holes caused by bullets fired at the police.

Hanrahan later had a full-scale model of the apartment constructed so that the participating policemen could re-enact the raid on WBBM-TV, the local CBS affiliate. Each officer acted out his part step by step for the TV cameras as if rehearsing a scene for a *SWAT* episode in slow motion. One cop said that as soon as he announced he was a police officer, occupants of the apartment responded with shotgun fire. Two raiders demonstrated how as they approached the front room, they were greeted by a woman who fired a shotgun blast at them as they stood in the doorway. Another cop explained how he had fired through a door and then received return fire, presumably from Mark Clark.

Despite the elaborate re-enactment for TV and the explanations given by the fourteen policemen, it soon became apparent that the official version was at variance with the facts. The "bullet holes" in the *Tribune* photograph turned out to be nail heads. Although officers Groth and Davis both alleged that Brenda Harris fired a shotgun blast at the doorway as they approached, there was absolutely no evidence of such a blast.

Ultimately, a federal grand jury determined that the police had fired between eighty-three and ninety shots—the Panthers a *maximum* of one. The grand jury indicated that, if the Panthers fired at all, it was one shot that Mark Clark fired—apparently *after* he had been shot in the heart. If the cops had, in fact, demanded a cease-fire on three occasions, they were talking only to themselves. The official explanation amounted to a cover-up, and a massive one.

In attempting to resolve this issue, the raid on Chicago Panther headquarters must be put into context. That the FBI supervised a nationwide effort to destroy the Black Panther Party is no longer seen as the paranoid rantings of leftists, but as a fact documented by the *Staff Report* of the Church committee. The report stated that the FBI's COINTELPRO (Counter-Intelligence program) used "dangerous, degrading or blatantly unconstitutional techniques" to disrupt Left and black organizations. It went on to liken the FBI's harassment of Martin Luther King to the treatment usually afforded a Soviet agent.

On March 4, 1968 (exactly one month before King was assassinated), Hoover issued this directive:

> Prevent the *Coalition* of militant black nationalist groups. In unity there is strength, a truism that is no less valid for all its triteness. An effective coalition . . . might be the first step toward a real "Mau Mau" in America, the beginning of a true black revolution.

Jeff Gottlieb and Jeff Cohen, Los Angeles free-lancers, are at work on a book about the FBI campaign to destroy the Panthers. Mr. Cohen contributed a study on the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. to Government by Gunplay (*Signet*).

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> Prevent the *rise of a "messiah"* who could unify, and electrify, the militant black nationalist movement. Malcolm X might have been such a "messiah"; he is the martyr of the movement today . . . Elijah Muhammad is less of a threat because of his age. King could be a very real contender for this position should he abandon his supposed "obedience" to "white liberal doctrines" (nonviolence) and embrace black nationalism. Stokely Carmichael has the necessary charisma to be a real threat in this way.

This memo was drafted three weeks after the Panthers had accomplished a short-lived alliance with Stokely Carmichael and SNCC. (Until the Hampton suit released this document in full, the names had been deleted.)

After King's death, Hoover called the Panthers "the single most dangerous threat to the internal security of the United States." Of the 295 actions taken to disrupt black groups, 233 were aimed at the Panthers. The bureau's main tactic was to provoke warfare between the Panthers and other black organizations. These actions, according to the *Staff Report,* "involved risk of serious bodily injury or death to the targets."

Over the years of COINTELPRO, the FBI paid out more than $7.4 million in wages to informants and provocateurs, more than twice the amount allocated to organized crime informants. Operating out of forty-one field offices, COINTELPRO agents supervised agents-provocateurs, placed "snitch jackets" on bona-fide Panthers by having them mislabeled as informants, and drafted poison-pen letters and cartoons in attempts to incite violence against the Panthers, and divide the party leadership.

All the weapons in COINTELPRO's arsenal were used against the rising "black messiah," Chairman Hampton of the Illinois Black Panther Party. Documents released by the suit have exposed the local "get-Hampton" campaign. Roy Mitchell, a defendant in the case and an ace handler of FBI informants, testified that he had between seven to nine informants in the Chicago Panthers at the time of the raid. Adding that number to those working for the state and the Gang Intelligence Unit of the Chicago Police, one comes up with approximately thirty informants reporting on about sixty-five active members. The names of these informants have been deleted from the documents. This estimate does not include any informants working for the CIA or military intelligence, a subject which the plaintiffs have not been allowed to probe.

One informant whose name we do know, William O'Neal, figures very prominently in the case. He was planted in the chapter almost from its inception and soon became head of security. Among his many schemes as security chief was the construction of an electric chair to be used on informers. It was disassembled on Hampton's orders. After the raid, O'Neal suggested to remaining party members that the steps leading to the apartment on W. Monroe be electrified so that any future raiders would be fried.

Not simply an informant, O'Neal tried to provoke others into "kamikaze"-type activities. Former Panther member Louis Truelock has submitted an affidavit stating that during a visit to O'Neal's father home, the informer showed him putty, blasting caps and "plastic bottles of liquid," enough material to produce several bombs. He proposed that they blow up an armory and later suggested robbing a McDonald's restaurant. Truelock and others who heard O'Neal's provocative proposals rejected them as useless to the cause.

Although he was infatuated with weapons and tried to involve other Panthers in criminal activities, O'Neal was tolerated because he was an exceptionally hard worker around the office. Ronald "Doc" Satchel, a Panther leader who was wounded in the raid, recalls, "The only person who didn't want O'Neal in the Panthers was Fred Hampton."

O'Neal was also instructed to carry out the FBI's "divide-and-conquer" plan. The bureau most feared a pact between the Panthers and the Blackstone Rangers, Chicago's most powerful black gang. Defendant Marlin Johnson, former Chicago FBI chief, now head of the Chicago Police Board, and a defendant in the present trials, testified before the Church committee that he approved the sending of an anonymous letter to Ranger leader Jeff Fort which read, "The brothers that run the Panthers blame you for blocking their thing and there's supposed to be a hit out for you. . . . I know what to do if I was you." When pressed for an explanation, Johnson claimed that he thought a hit "is something nonviolent in nature," and maintained that the letter-writing scheme was aimed at preventing violence. He added, "We didn't think he [Fort] would pay too much attention to the letter."

William O'Neal's crowning achievement was his advance work on the December 4th raid. Two weeks before the attack, he provided the FBI with a detailed floor plan of Panther headquarters, complete with an "X" over Fred Hampton's bed. Most of the shots were fired at that spot.

Following the lethal raid, O'Neal was rewarded with a $300 bonus after Agent Robert Piper, also a defendant in the suit, explained in a memo to Washington, "Our source [O'Neal] was the man who made the raid possible." In another memo, listing the amounts and dates that O'Neal was paid, the bureau acknowledged his information on national Panther leaders, anti-war activists from the New Mobilization Committee and the Chicago 8, and the furnishing of the floor plan: "It is noted that most information provided by this source is not available from any other source." O'Neal was so valuable that Roy Mitchell once dished out $1,600 to buy him a car and $1,000 to bail him out of jail.

When FBI agents began to shop around for a police agency to raid Panther headquarters, they approached the Chicago Police Department twice, in October and November 1969, but were turned down both times. The FBI then approached Cook County State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan, who agreed to carry out the operation. Hanrahan, in a TV interview, said that he agreed to the raid after the FBI told him that the Panthers were stockpiling illegal weapons at their headquarters. However, on November 19, O'Neal had reported to the FBI that the guns had been legally obtained. This was corroborated by Maria Fisher, an infiltrator who worked for both the FBI and the state.

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The raid was originally scheduled for December 3 at 8 P.M., but the State's Attorney's office, without notifying the FBI, postponed it by several hours, on the stated ground that it would be too dangerous to move in while the occupants were awake. But the floor plan submitted by O'Neal specifically marked Hampton's bed, and some people wonder what the real reason was for the delay.

It was not the first time Black Panther headquarters had been raided. In June 1969, a force led by FBI Agent Marlin Johnson, but also involving other police agencies, met no resistance when the raiders informed those inside of their intent to search the office, allegedly for a fugitive. O'Neal admitted in a deposition that he had set up that raid. No fugitive was found, but several Panthers were arrested on a variety of charges, all of which were later dropped. The point is that, once the authorities announced themselves, the Panthers made no attempt to resist.

At 4:30 on the morning of December 4, police raiders burst into the apartment with their guns ablaze. Harold Bell, one of the wounded survivors, testified that everyone immediately surrendered. Bell and two others, including Hampton's girl friend, Deborah Johnson, were ordered out of Hampton's bedroom, where he lay motionless. Then, says Bell, police fired from point-blank range into Hampton's body. Bell's testimony about Hampton's execution-style death has been supported by Deborah Johnson and other survivors. Johnson testified that, after emptying his gun into Hampton's bed, the cop walked away muttering, "He's good and dead now."

Why didn't Hampton get out of bed and try to resist? Photographs of his blood-soaked mattress make it obvious that he did not. According to the independent Commission of Inquiry, headed by NAACP chief Roy Wilkins and former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark, there are strong indications that he had been drugged. About three hours before the shooting, at 1:30 A.M. Hampton was in bed talking to his mother on the telephone, when he fell asleep in mid-conversation. Deborah Johnson tried to rouse him but failed. During the raid others tried to wake him, but his only movement was to raise his head briefly. And, of course, the sound of gunfire is not usually conducive to sleep.

The day after the raid, the Cook County coroner performed the first of four official autopsy examinations. It "failed to show the presence of barbiturates." Later postmortems by the coroner's office, the FBI and a federal grand jury also failed to turn up any trace of barbiturates. However, an independent autopsy and blood analysis which were performed at the request of the Hampton family by Dr. Victor Levine, former chief pathologist for the Cook County coroner's office, and Dr. Eleanor Berman, a toxicologist and acting director of the Department of Biochemistry at Cook County Hospital, found a potentially lethal quantity of drugs in Fred Hampton's bloodstream—a dosage which, at the least, would have induced a coma.

The Commission of Inquiry attempted to resolve these differences. It consulted experts who concluded that technical errors had been made during the official autopsies. The scientists found no reason to reject the Berman-Levine verdict.

With up to nine informants inside the Panthers, including the resourceful William O'Neal, the FBI had ample opportunity to have the chairman drugged. Informant Maria Fisher has asserted in a signed statement to the *Chicago Daily News* that one week before the killings, local FBI chief Marlin Johnson asked her to slip Hampton a colorless and tasteless drug which would put him to sleep so that the FBI could raid the apartment. She says that when she refused, Johnson told her she was "being very foolish."

Time

Fred Hampton

O'Neal has admitted in a deposition that he was in Hampton's apartment on December 3, but his memory is hazy as to the precise time. A criminal associate of his testified under oath, in another case, that, one time when he and O'Neal were high on marijuana, O'Neal said that the raid on the Panthers was unnecessary because he had drugged Hampton the night of the assault.

Robert Piper, a defendant and the FBI agent in charge of the "Racial Matters" squad in Chicago throughout 1968-9, admitted on the stand that the Black Panthers had broken no laws and had never been prosecuted locally. He testified that the FBI's sole purpose was to harass the group and contribute to its breakup.

Within months of the raid, a federal grand jury roundly criticized the police, but offered no indictments. Panther attorney G. Flint Taylor provided an explanation when he stated in court: "I have a document from the government showing that there was a deal that there would be no indictments [of Hanrahan and the police] in return for Hanrahan's dropping of indictments [against the survivors of the raid].

Because of rising anger in Chicago's black community at the failure to indict any law-enforcement officials, Joseph Power, Chief Judge of the Cook County Criminal

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Court, established a special county grand jury on June 27, 1970. Barnabas Sears, a prominent Chicago lawyer, was appointed special prosecutor and promised a free hand in investigating the affair.

Rumors began making the rounds in late April 1971 that indictments against Hanrahan and other police officials were imminent. But when the grand jury handed Power an envelope containing the indictments, the judge sought to prevent their return by refusing to open the envelope. The matter was resolved on August 24 by a unanimous opinion from the seven-man Illinois State Supreme Court that "the interests of justice would best be served by opening the indictment and proceeding pursuant to the law." The indictments against Hanrahan and thirteen others for conspiracy to obstruct justice in the investigation that followed the raid were finally made public. Still, no one was held accountable for the deaths of Hampton and Clark.

The obstruction of justice case went to trial on July 10, 1972, with Cook County Criminal Court Judge Philip Romiti presiding without a jury. At the close of the prosecution's case, defense attorneys for Hanrahan and the police moved for an acquittal on the ground that not enough evidence had been presented to convict. The judge granted the motion.

Against this backdrop, the civil suit began on January 5, 1976. Now the familiar courtroom roles have been reversed—never before have the Black Panthers been the plaintiffs, with law-enforcement officials the defendants. Judge Joseph Sam Perry is on the bench. In November 1975, lawyers for the plaintiffs asked for his removal on the ground that at the age of 79, Perry is too old and too deaf to function competently. He has given credence to these objections by several times falling asleep in court. Attorneys for the victims also contend that he is unable to understand the complexities of the case.

One of Perry's first rulings was to eliminate many defendants from the suit, including Mayor Daley; former Police Chief James Conlisk, Cook County; the estate of J. Edgar Hoover, and seven officials of the FBI or Justice Department. The judge also dismissed complaints against Hanrahan and his assistants, but was overruled on appeal.

Although the Northern District of Illinois has a 31 per cent black population, only 6 per cent of the 400 prospective jurors were black. Panther attorneys watched helplessly as one of their best prospects disqualified herself with an honest answer. When asked if she could judge the word of an FBI agent without prejudice, the prospective juror replied, "Judge, to tell you the truth, with all I've been reading recently about them, I think I would find it difficult." Ultimately, one elderly black woman ended up on the six-person jury.

At the start, Perry told prospective jurors that both sides have agreed "there was a gun battle." If that had been true, there would be no civil suit. The basis of the plaintiffs' case is that only one bullet, and perhaps none at all, was fired at police, and that conclusion is endorsed by the federal grand jury and the Commission of Inquiry's report, *Search and Destroy*. Calling this a gun battle is like calling the assassination of Martin Luther King a duel.

Lawyers for both sides feel that Perry committed a reversible error by delaying the enforcement of Panther subpoenas for FBI files until two days before the trial opened. Up to then Perry had declared FBI files inadmissible unless they mentioned the name of Hampton or Clark, his explanation being that "the Black Panther Party is not on trial here." The judge has since conceded that his mistake on the Panther subpoenas, and a second blunder, have been responsible for greatly prolonging the proceedings. Perry's second error was to give the defense a free hand in deleting "irrelevant" information from the files.

In January, Richard Held, then head of the FBI's Chicago field office and now an associate director of the bureau, was served with a subpoena, signed by Perry, calling for all FBI documents relevant to the case. Held appointed FBI Agent Robert Piper, *a defendant in the case*, and some fifteen agents working under him, to make deletions from these files. Justice Department lawyers repeatedly assured the court that the order to deliver all relevant material had been complied with. However, in mid-March, during testimony from defendant Roy Mitchell, it came out that 90 per cent of the file had been withheld. This included 130 volumes of information, a stack of papers 30 feet high. Mitchell let that cat out of the bag when he referred to a document that Panther attorneys had never seen.

Immediately, lawyers for the plaintiffs called for contempt citations against seven Justice Department and FBI officials, including defense attorneys Kanter and Kwoka, and FBI agents Piper and Held. Complaints by Roy Wilkins and an open letter from two Illinois state legislators prompted Attorney General Levi to appoint Assistant U.S. Attorney Charles Kocoras to head an inquiry into the matter of the hidden documents. This choice was criticized because Kocoras had prosecuted a case in which FBI informant O'Neal and Agent Mitchell were the main government witnesses. Lawyer Taylor called the selection of Kocoras "like naming John Mitchell to investigate Watergate."

Kocoras was soon replaced by another Assistant U.S. Attorney, Stephen Kadison. An aide to Kadison told the authors that, although plaintiffs' lawyers and FBI agents have been among those interviewed, the probe is an *internal* Justice Department matter, and that the findings may not be revealed publicly. After seven months, no conclusions have been announced.

The dispute over the documents placed the Hampton case on the front pages of the local papers for one of the few times during the trial. Because of this, Perry agreed to a plea from defense attorney Camilio Volini that the jury be polled to determine if any member was aware of the controversy. During the polling, one juror pulled a clipping of a *Chicago Daily News* story from her purse. The judge immediately stopped the canvassing process because it could, in his words, "lay the ground for a mistrial."

At the next court session Volini reiterated his motion

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to poll. In a surprise move, the Panther lawyers joined in the request, probably the only time both sides have agreed on anything. As all ten lawyers converged on the bench arguing in favor of the motion, the overwhelmed judge shouted, "Just leave me alone!" Perry regained his composure in time to deny the motion, saying, "I have confidence that this jury is not going to be influenced by a few headlines. The court disagrees with all parties, and I happen to be the final word."

Perry then announced to the jury that it was his fault, not the defendants', that the case was being delayed because of the withheld documents. Defense attorneys were stunned when the judge took the blame for what appeared to be suppression of vital information by the defendants.

In mid-April Panther lawyers renewed their call for a mistrial, this time asking for a default judgment because of "wholesale deceit, bad faith, and manipulation of evidence by the FBI defendants and the U.S. Attorney's Office." Perry stated that he would delay a ruling on the motion until the end of the trial.

The 130 volumes of FBI documents were finally turned over to the plaintiffs, but not before the bureau tried to charge them $17,353 for labor and materials in making the copies. According to Taylor, Judge Perry said he wanted to assess those charges to the Panthers but could find no law to back him up.

The plaintiffs are faced with the problem of how to digest and utilize the mass of new material. The judge would not postpone the trial. Once, when attorney Haas asked permission to delay an interrogation until he could study the relevant FBI documents, a flushed Perry rose from the bench and yelled, "You're stalling, you're stalling, you're stalling." When fellow counsel Taylor answered, "No, we are not," Perry ordered him to sit down or be found in contempt. When Dennis Cunningham, a third Panther lawyer, attempted to say something, Perry screamed at him, "Sit down or you'll be held in contempt of court!" Needless to say, permission for a postponement was not granted.

As the trial inches along, the taxpayers continue to foot the bill for those who planned and carried out the raid. Cook County and the city of Chicago are paying for the defense of Hanrahan, his assistants, the fourteen raiders, and other police personnel to the tune of $20,000 per week. The federal government is covering the defense of the three agents and O'Neal. The cost is already well beyond $1 million and the trial isn't expected to end until March 1977 at the earliest.

While the defense is well funded, financial woes have beset the plaintiffs. The Panther legal staff cannot afford to buy daily transcripts, an indispensable resource, but one that would cost $50,000 for the trial. The lawyers' request to make copies from the judge's or defense's transcripts was denied, but Perry agreed that they could inspect his when necessary.

Fred Hampton had been fond of proclaiming, "You can kill a revolutionary, but you cannot kill a revolution. You can jail a liberation fighter, but you cannot jail liberation." Between 1968 and 1971, more than a score of Panthers were killed by police agencies, and more than 1,000 were jailed. That the party has survived at all is a minor miracle. While the death of Fred Hampton dealt a crippling blow to the Illinois chapter, the charter chapter in Oakland has never been stronger. The party currently runs fifteen, *free* "survival programs" in its Oakland stronghold, including free clothing, legal aid, ambulance, pest control, plumbing and maintenance, a breakfast for children programs, a food co-op, medical clinics and the Oakland Community School.

Although many talk about the FBI's destruction of the Black Panther Party as if it were a *fait accompli*, perhaps it is too early to discard the favorite slogan of exiled Panther leader, Huey Newton: "The spirit of the people will defeat the technology of the Man." □

BLACK BRITONS

'THE PERMANENT IMMIGRANTS'

ANDREW SILK

London

Great Britain is facing a period of racial confrontation and protest which may rival the American urban unrest of the 1960s in intensity if not in scope.

That is the prevailing forecast of community workers, policemen, government officials, trade unionists, journalists and black, Asian and white residents of this city who were interviewed in the past month. There is general agreement that, barring a dramatic economic recovery which most believe to be impossible, black protest and white resistance will become increasingly militant in London, Birmingham, Manchester and other cities where the nation's 1.5 million West Indians and Asians cluster. Roughly, they are now 2 per cent of the population.

At the center of this growing clash is a situation that cannot be resolved quietly: a first generation of blacks is maturing in Britain at a time when the country is least able or willing to accept them. They and their parents, who left the West Indies and the Asian subcontinent with immigrant dreams, are discovering that the combination of discrimination, poor education and the economic crisis has fixed them at the bottom of the British working class, scapegoats of the nation's decline.

Andrew Silk is a Thomas J. Watson Foundation Fellow studying race in England and Africa.

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It has been a violent year. On June 6 a 19-year-old Indian was murdered in the London suburb of Southall, allegedly by a gang of four whites and a West Indian. At the funeral, young Asians stoned whites in passing cars. On August 30, at a West Indian carnival in Notting Hill, near the center of London, young blacks battled police with stones and bottles for five hours. In October, a 76-year-old Asian woman was murdered in her Southall apartment, allegedly by a young white. The Asian community was also outraged last fall by the death during labor of a baby whose mother, having flown to England to join her husband, was waiting to be deported at Heathrow Airport. It is being said that, as the woman struggled to give birth, immigration officers stood by laughing.

The racial factor in some of the incidents has been disputed, but in their wake, new Asian protest organizations have been formed, relations between young blacks and police have collapsed and the already strained myth of British tolerance has been further called into question.

Whites are alarmed at an apparent rise in street crime by young West Indians. While extraordinarily mild compared to what occurs in American cities, the capacity of these incidents—usually unarmed attacks—to excite the country is remarkable. At a recent trial, members of a black gang were sentenced to five and seven years for a series of assaults on white women in London. In his decision the judge suggested the possible need for vigilante groups to protect the city.

West Indians reply that sensationalized press coverage of black crime has led to police harassment of their communities. There are constant reports of blacks being stopped at random, and of large numbers of young West Indians being framed on "sus" charges—on the basis of which a man may be convicted of *intent* to violate the law. The police dismiss the cries of racism, but admit that they are often heard in the streets.

The Fascist parties have provoked and capitalized on the national distress. At Blackburn last spring, agitation by the small National Party led to street fights and the stoning of Asian shop windows. The National Front, a larger organization with roots in the pro-Nazi movements of the 1930s, has made itself felt in multiracial areas for the first time and is making small inroads into the unions. In the United Postal Workers, a union of largely Communist leadership and with heavy black membership, the entire executive of one branch was composed of Front members. A member was found also in the Heathrow immigration service—an unnerving conflict of interest, since the Front has called for the repatriation of all West Indians and Asians. (This demand has in recent months been given a taint of respectability. Enoch Powell, the rebel Conservative M.P. who has spent much of the last several years campaigning against immigration, announced his own repatriation scheme—sending them home with £1,000 per person.)

Few people here will dispute the assertion that the far Right has created a reluctance within the government to act boldly on racial matters. Most of the new Front members come from Labour: in fact in the last Parliamentary by-election in Walsall, the combined efforts of three anti-immigration candidates prevented a Labour victory.

Black community leaders are skeptical about a new Race Relations bill, soon to become law. Its wording is tough, and calls for sterner prosecution of discrimination, but they doubt that it will be carefully enforced. No West Indian or Asian has been appointed to the top executive committee which will administer the law.

Some have likened the mood here to that in America in the early 1960s—a new generation of protest, a new awareness of race in the population at large, a nation going through a complex period of transition. But here the scale is smaller and the goal is different. The struggle is not for power but to belong—West Indians and Asians increasingly fear that they are becoming England's "permanent immigrants." On the other side, whites do not fear black control; it is just that, as one community worker put it, "most people treat the idea of Britain being a multiracial society as a bad joke."

Race and immigration will be a central issue of the next general election, coming probably this spring. The Front has pledged to run a large slate of candidates, covering much of the country, and although in most cases they will not get enough votes to save the deposits they must make to run, more street fighting is expected. The party may pick up a few local posts, and its pressure in the race will again push the major parties to the Right, particularly on immigration policy.

If the Conservatives win, as is widely expected, the Race Relations Act, to which the Tories give only lukewarm support, will probably not get off the ground. However, the Asians see a more direct threat in a Conservative victory. The party wants to register every Asian in Britain, and to place in their dossiers lists of all dependents still in the home countries. That is necessary, it is said, to provide an accurate tally of the number of dependents yet to come. (All other immigration from the Asian subcontinent has ceased.) Moreover, the implications of such a register are ominous. The English wife of a Pakistani would not be on the "immigrants list," but a British-born child of Asian descent would. Few Asians would need further confirmation that they have in fact become "permanent immigrants."

This issue of black status will be further dramatized when Rhodesian whites begin to arrive here in force. It is estimated that 50,000 or more will arrive during a period when only 5,000 Asian families from East Africa will be allowed in and those awaiting visas from Pakistan, Bangladesh and India face eighteen-month delays. Unlike the Asians, who need entrance visas, even though many of them hold British passports, large numbers of white Rhodesians may enter freely because they are "partial" citizens—that is, citizens by English descent.

About 1,000 Rhodesians arrived here in 1976—the number has doubled in each of the last two years. There is some fear that when they settle, they will join the Front, and there are unsubstantiated charges that Rhodesians are helping to finance the party. However the major effect of the influx may be symbolic: it will be seen that the English racists who got scared and fled Rhodesia are

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treated as kith and kin, whereas those West Indians and Asians who are already living here are second-class citizens.

The facts of disadvantage and discrimination are alarming. Pay and opportunity differentials between blacks and whites in white-collar jobs are so large that, according to one study, "academic qualifications are of little value to minorities in obtaining better wages and positions." Housing discrimination is also acute: the same study reported that 71 per cent of Pakistani men applying for apartments were turned away by white landlords. In general, West Indians and Asians pay more than do whites for housing, and for worse housing at that.

Cases of labor exploitation come up frequently, particularly in the industrial Midlands where many Asian women who speak little or no English staff textile mills. The unions have only recently become interested in the specific problems of black workers, despite the fact that 61 per cent of all blacks are union members.

Asians are often called "the new Jews"—people who have moved into London and other cities and quickly taken over candy stores, supermarkets, restaurants and other retail businesses. But these merchants are a small minority, coming for the most part from East Africa, where they were already merchants.

Among the West Indians there are especially serious signs of long-term disadvantage. Unemployment among black youth is at 14 per cent—double the national average. Large numbers of students are leaving school with no qualifications, many after having been put in "subnormal" classes. In the London borough of Brixton, where the concentration of West Indians is the highest in all England, shops are moving out, large redevelopment programs are scattering the community and whites, who are still in the majority, are also leaving.

As yet, there are no national organizations of West Indians or of Asians, no national leaders, no carefully structured protest movements. And it is most doubtful that any of these will come into existence. The two groups, each of whom numbers about 800,000, are at present closer to the whites than they are to each other. And within the groups there are sharp divisions of religion and nationality, particularly among the Asians. The black Britons are also aware that, being an exceedingly small fraction of the population, their political significance is at best marginal, and that in the words of one activist, no matter what happens, "the pace of justice will always be controlled by the whites."

The immigrant groups have made some attempt to assert themselves in local communities, where in some instances more than 20 per cent of the residents are black, but these efforts also have been ineffective. The West Indians have in the past been reluctant to organize because they wanted to slip into British society without anyone noticing; the Asians have established scores of organizations, but they were for the most part immigrant associations designed to keep the old village communities intact. Attempts at stability have in part failed because, according to Jenny Lo, a Malayasian immigrant, "people discovered there is no British Dream."

For the West Indians, who called themselves British even before they began coming here in large numbers during the 1950s, this realization has led to wide demoralization. "When we arrived here, we thought we were coming home to Mama," said John Franklin, a Jamaican who reached England twenty-five years ago. "We had left a Crown Colony that was 300 years old, where there was little awareness of color. We had fought in Britain's wars, and had felt that her Queen was our Queen. . . . Once we began to see that we weren't going to become English, many of us lost our purpose here."

The vision most West Indians had of Britain was colonial and imperial—the working class they found themselves in had not been exported to the Caribbean. Now the talk has shifted from coming home to England to going home to Jamaica or Trinidad. "Why do I want to leave?" a Jamaican woman squatting in a London council flat said. "Because I just don't like it here. I don't know anyone who wants to stay." But very few will leave—they lack money to take home.

The Asian vision was simpler. Britain was a place where one could work and send money home. More than 95 per cent of the immigrants were peasants who could have little thought of becoming British. "We may have fared better than the West Indians because we have wanted less," one Indian commented. "Also we have been accustomed to class and caste structures, so we have been able to maintain our own system of status and authority independent of British society."

The new black protest that is growing in Notting Hill, Southall and other multiracial communities is in part an attack on the colonialism and conservatism of the immigrant generation. Last summer an Indian student challenged his uncle for a post in a community organization. "You are nothing more than a village chief," he told him. "You don't understand how this country works." In South London black organizers of a weekend school became furious when parents were reluctant to send their children because no white students had enrolled.

Among young Asians and West Indians there is a common awareness that, in the words of one activist, "We will not get anywhere until we understand the deep racism of British society." Yet beneath such talk is a deep uncertainty. "We do not know who we are, what we want or how to get it," admitted Roy Frances, a teacher in a school for blacks. "We have rejected calling ourselves black Britons, because we never knew what that meant. Now we have to start thinking about that term again, because we are not going anywhere else."

For the Asians, the uncertainty is as deep, but of a different sort. The new militance expressed toward whites is at the same time a resistance to the strict faiths of Islam, Hinduism and Sikhism of their parents. They must decide whether or not to struggle to break into a British society which may not accept them, if in that process they become cut off from the protection of the community.

Some people hope that, as a result of these parallel struggles, a common black British identity may come into being; it is highly unlikely. A more probable development

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would be the coming together of different groups of West Indians and Asians in leftist movements. Some suggestion of this was seen in November when an array of black and white parties and organizations held an "anti-racist" rally in Trafalgar Square.

If this coalition does in fact occur, race may become the catalyst for a much more fundamental confrontation in British society. For few blacks feel that strong white support will be available to them until whites on the Left are themselves directly threatened. But such rumors of revolution may be alarmist: if the cleavages in British society prove in fact less severe than people here increasingly believe them to be, Britain's blacks may be able to live in relative peace. Some day, that is. For the time being, the calls to action will be heard with rising insistence and greater frequency. Black Britons discover themselves to be deep in this country's crisis of will and spirit. □

MY YEARS ON THE BLACKLIST

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

The current wrangle over the "anti-Communist" blacklist of the 1950s is clearly the stuff of high drama. Its cast numbers both heroes and villains (though there is little agreement on which is which), including such eminent figures as Lillian Hellman, Diana Trilling, Hilton Kramer, Irving Howe—and even a Ghost, that of Dalton Trumbo. The plot turns on such intricate historical questions as the causes of the cold war, the nature of the (U.S.) Communist Party, and whether and how it and its members should have been investigated.

I suspect that this tragical-comical-historical spectacle has confused a lot of people—notably, those who came in, so to speak, in the middle of Act III. These perplexed members of the audience may perhaps find more intelligible a simpler, less dramatic recitative. It concerns neither historical profundities nor important people but merely one not-very-important man: myself—what I did, what choices I faced and made, and what was later done to me as a result of those choices.

I joined the Communist Party in 1943, having been recruited by an FBI "informant" (he told me so, years later). I drifted out of it around 1952, mainly from a growing conviction that the party leadership, when it came to understanding events in the USSR or anywhere else, was operating on about three out of six cylinders. I made no public professions of apostacy; not having joined the party with a brass band, I felt no compulsion to leave with one.

It would obviously be impossible to summarize in this space my activities as a Communist for ten years. Some of the high points I remember are helping to clean out the gangster-ridden leadership of a union local to which I belonged; helping to put together a pictures-and-text exhibit on Negro (now black) history, and circulating an international petition against nuclear weapons. These and other political stints were of course sandwiched in between making a living—as lathe operator, pastry-ornament maker, folksinger and music teacher—several love affairs, a marriage, and the usual minutiae of human existence.

Looking back over those years, I can recall many things I did, both political and personal, which I now wish I had done differently, or not at all; I could say the same of almost any other ten years of my life. Yet there are many other things—including the political activities cited above—that I would do again under the same circumstances. I can also state categorically that nothing I did threatened the national security of my country as I understood it—except in the Nixonian sense, whereby any radical criticism of American foreign policy is ipso facto subversive. Somewhere there may have been Communists passing "secrets"—or even really important secrets—to foreign powers, but if so I never knew them.

Herblock, The Washington Post (1951)

The scene now shifts to 1957—a busy year for me. It was the year when I published my first magazine article —ironically, an account of the rise and fall of the Communist Party, including the intellectual and moral deficiencies that had by then effectively destroyed it. It was

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also the year when I was subpoenaed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which was currently ferreting out subversive musicians—I suppose because it had run out of more newsworthy game. Naturally I talked to a lawyer, and to friends who had been through the un-American mill. What they told me boiled down to this:

"The first thing they'll ask is, are you or were you ever a Communist. If you say no, you go to jail for perjury. If you say yes, they'll then order you to name every other Communist you ever knew. If you refuse, you go to jail for contempt of Congress." This was a tough one. Having no lust for martyrdom, jail did not attract me—especially with a sick wife and a new baby at home. On the other hand, though I was perfectly willing to answer for myself, I was damned if I would put the finger on others—people who had done me no harm, had to my knowledge done nothing criminal, and who, if fingered, would probably be harassed, legally or otherwise.

There was, I was told, an alternative: I could refuse to answer *any* questions, on one of two grounds—the First (free-speech) Amendment, or the Fifth (self-incrimination) Amendment. "Taking the First" would mean a long and expensive court fight, and perhaps jail anyway; "taking the Fifth" would put me home free. As a friend put it, "the Fifth is the poor man's Amendment." I was a poor man; I took it. In actual fact, I took what we musicians called the "diminished Fifth": I swore I had not been a Communist for five years, but declined to answer further.

Later that same year, I quit music for editorial work, getting a low-paid but fairly responsible job on a major encyclopedia. Six weeks later I was told, with no warning whatever, that I was fired as of that afternoon. When I asked why, I was told only that I "lacked maturity of judgment." The pattern—instant dismissal on vague grounds—was suspiciously similar to that of other political firings I had heard about; suspicion became certainty when my boss's secretary reported him as saying that "Claiborne was a victim of his past."

After some months, I landed a magazine job; two years later, I moved to another magazine where in three years I rose to be managing editor—a record which I think disposes of any possibility that the original firing was for incompetence rather than politics. In 1964, I moved again, this time to a major publishing complex as an executive editor. A year later I was again fired without warning, and on equally nebulous grounds: after hemming and hawing, my boss declared that "If you have to ask what you did wrong, that proves you're not the right man for the job." He never did say what I had "done wrong"; me—I knew. Some weeks later, the grapevine again provided confirmation.

That was one man's blacklist. It hurt me far less than it did many others. Although I twice went through some lean months, each time I eventually landed on my feet. Nonetheless, I was twice penalized—surreptitiously—without being convicted, or even accused, of anything. It was not for anything I had done; nobody, including the un-American committee, showed the slightest interest in that. It was not for being a Communist, which I had sworn I was not, nor even for being a "Com-symp," which a glance at my published writings would have shown I was not. It was simply because, five (or thirteen) years earlier, I had been a member of an organization which, whatever its defects (and it had plenty) was a legal political group—and had refused to finger other people guilty of the same "crime."

That this could happen to me, and to hundreds of others, seems to me disgraceful—and no less so because similar or worse things have happened in other countries, including some that call themselves Socialist. Maybe the eminent figures who are now abusively attacking anti-blacklist books, films and plays can explain to me why I'm wrong. □

The Observer

(Continued from page 679)

Until the last few years the paper was a modestly profitable business, but it had had structural problems for some time. Like so much else in Britain, these are hard to understand unless you know the history, and even if you do you are left wondering why things should have developed in so peculiar a fashion. *The Times* of London and *Sunday Times* belong to the same management, the Thomson Organization. You would expect them to have been printed on the same presses, and *The Observer* to be paired up with the *Guardian*, which shares its general Left-of-Center liberal stance. But you would be wrong. *The Observer* was printed on the *Times*'s presses; the *Guardian* (until recently) at the *Sunday Times*. So when, two years ago, the *Times* moved out of its time-honored site at Printing House Square to a new plant next to the *Sunday Times*, *The Observer* was left orphaned. It had to raise the money to buy the *Times* site.

Then came the economic crisis after the oil price rise in the fall of 1973. Like every other Fleet Street paper, *The Observer* was squeezed between rising wages, rising paper costs, and falling advertising revenue. Unlike almost all the rest, it was also on its own, without diversified assets in newspapers elsewhere in the world or in non-newspaper investments. (Though *The Observer* does have one valuable asset which might have been sold and was not: a block of stock in highly profitable London Weekend Television. This presumably still belongs to the Publishing Trust, and so to the Astor family.)

By last fall, the paper was already in fairly desperate straits. A quarter of the staff were persuaded to accept "voluntary redundancy": in other words, to quit to save the paper. Characteristically, it was the younger professional journalists who left, and the nucleus of older writers, many of them, to put it charitably, stiff in the intellectual joints, and all of them personal cronies of David Astor, who stayed. Less characteristically—for, whatever his faults, Astor is generally a charitable and a kind man—he announced on TV that the talented young men and women who had given up their jobs to save his paper were "the ones the paper can do without!"

That didn't save the paper, though. At one time or another from the mid-1960s on, *The Observer* held talks

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with most of the major publishing groups in Britain. There was even a secret Cabinet subcommittee to discuss which groups could be allowed to own such an influential British paper as *The Observer*. Finally, this September, in spite of the reluctance of both David Astor and Arnold Goodman, the paper's manager, Roger Harrison, approached Rupert Murdoch. It is that move, indirectly, which explains the grins at the Café Royal.

Rupert Murdoch is an Australian. More than that, he is a tough-talking, abrasive Australian. His father once controlled a paper in Melbourne, but the family interests were kicked out of it by a coup before Rupert was old enough to do anything about it. He seems to have acquired from that experience a fierce, Horatio Alger-like determination to "show them" by making good on his own. When, this November, still in his mid-40s, he bought the *New York Post*, it was his eighty-seventh newspaper, in Australia, Britain and the United States. And, with the single exception of *The Australian*, his Canberra-based flagship and Australia's first national newspaper, which has lost money steadily since he founded it in 1965, all Murdoch's papers make money hand over fist. They do it by unsentimental interpretation of his magic rule: "Give the public what they want." To judge from *The News of the World* and *The Sun* in London, the *Daily Mirror* in Sydney and *The News* in San Antonio, Texas, Murdoch and his men are confident that what the public wants is lots of sex, lots of crime and lots of pizzazz.

Murdoch was by no means the only contender for *The Observer*'s hand. There were offers from Sally Aw Kian, heiress of the Tiger Balm patent medicine fortune, who owns several papers in Hong Kong; from Olga Deterding, whose father founded Royal Dutch, and left her £23 million; and from two former Labour members of Parliament, Robert Maxwell and Woodrow Wyatt, the latter apparently with Arab backing. The *Observer* people, revealingly, approached Sir James Goldsmith, the half-French financier whose attitude to the press is best measured by his determined attempt to shut down the satirical magazine *Private Eye*, whose editor he is trying to send to jail by reviving the half-obsolete offense of criminal libel. But in the end the choice did seem to lie between Murdoch and Vere Harmsworth, scion of the most famous of all the British publishing dynasties, and chairman of Associated Newspapers, which owns the *Daily Mail*.

Harmsworth made no secret of his intentions for *The Observer*. He wanted to move it "down market," to compete with the *Sunday Express*. It was not a reassuring prospect for those who professed to care about *The Observer*'s traditional liberal conscience and high standards: Harmsworth and the *Mail* had always been uncompromisingly right wing, and the paper they wanted to compete with, Sir Max Aitken's *Sunday Express*, operates on a tired formula of chauvinism, sensationalism and gossip about duchesses and millionaires. Murdoch, on the other hand, had clearly no motive for taking *The Observer* down market. He already owns *The News of the World*, which is about as down market as you can get, even in the earthy world of the London Sunday papers. He was making all the money he needed from his other papers. All *The Observer* had to offer him was the respect of his peers in the newspaper business, plus additional printing capacity for his successful papers. Obviously, he would not want *The Observer* to lose money, but its losses are not catastrophic, by the standards of a business in which the *Times*, for example, has lost some £2 million a year for a decade. Murdoch proposed to bring in new commercial management and a handful of senior editorial staff to control his investment. But he also planned an increase in editorial space that would have enabled *The Observer*'s own journalists to do things they had been prevented from doing by the economic squeeze.

And so *The Observer* swallowed hard and approached Murdoch. At one point the negotiations broke down, apparently because the Australian was annoyed by the way the *Observer* people seemed to be trying to suggest that he was chasing them, when in reality it was the other way round. (The fact that, unknown to the Londoners, Murdoch was then in the closing stages of clinching his purchase of the *New York Post*, would seem to confirm his insistence that he had had no intention of getting involved in *The Observer* until they approached him.) Did the *Observer* men consciously use the prospect of a Murdoch takeover, calculated to horrify all Establishment-minded persons, as a ploy to scare up rescue bids? In restrospect, it seems likely. But the logic for choosing Murdoch rather than any of the other known saviors was so compelling that even David Astor seemed to accept it for a moment. The paper quoted him as saying about a deal with Murdoch, "Astor felt it was better to have an efficient Visigoth than nothing at all."

An efficient Visigoth! The phrase speaks volumes about the pride and prejudice of a man whose own grandfather, arriving in Edwardian England to buy newspapers and status with his Yankee millions, must have been snubbed as a Visigoth until he and his family had learned to outupper class the upper class. But it also speaks volumes about the instincts and attitudes of that class in England of which the Astors, in the third generation, are such representative specimens.

No one, certainly, could call David Astor a Visigoth. His style is more that of a late Roman Senator or Emperor: that, for example, of the unfortunate Gratian, of whom it was said that while he wished to devote all his time to alleviating the sufferings of his subjects, "having been bred in the purple, he had never learned what it is to rule, and what to be ruled."

After 1948, when David Astor took over as editor, *The Observer* became one of the world's great newspapers. Its greatest years were those from around 1956 to 1961, when it was the champion of those who sought to decolonize the Third World and to modernize British society. With great courage, especially in view of the paper's staunch sympathy for Israel, it opposed the Anglo-French-Israeli Suez invasion. Reporters like Anthony Sampson and Colin Legum covered Africa more fully and knowledgeably in *The Observer* than did those of any other paper in the crucial years leading up to independence for the British and French colonies. On domestic matters *The Observer* steadily opposed traditionalism, classism, racism and other brutalities and stupidities of British life —and did so in a tone of good-humored warmth which helped prepare the minds of a whole generation of the

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British elite for the cultural revolution of the 1960s.

But when that revolution came, *The Observer* seemed to have lost its tolerance for new ideas. It denounced student demonstrations, sexual liberation, political radicalism and trade union militancy in tones which became increasingly shrill and ultimately almost absurd.

What was good about *The Observer* was David Astor: its amateurishness, its generosity, its high-mindedness, and a brilliant staff, including many refugees from Central Europe. What was bad about it was Astor, too: a certain primness; the deference toward the rich and powerful (expressed in many ways, but especially in the paper's extreme reluctance to undertake investigative journalism just when that became an urgent item in a dangerously secretive society); its unwillingness to change with the times; its inability to bring in talented people in their 20s and 30s to blend with those in their 50s and 60s; in brutal summary, its tiredness.

It could be argued that such a declension is the inevitable consequence when a newspaper is owned and edited by the same man, who transforms it into an expression of his own personality and cannot bear to see it in other hands. But there are owner-editors who know when to go. David Astor himself finally went last year; but after a long and agonized process of choice, his successor turned out to be Donald Trelford, an amiable man who had been Astor's right-hand man for some years and—it can be assumed—his preferred heir.

What reveals much more than the consequences of personal ownership is the decision to hand the paper over to Atlantic Richfield, rather than to a professional newspaper management like Murdoch's. And that brings us back to Café Royal.

We are asked to believe—indeed the *Observer* men were almost pathetically eager to persuade us—that Atlantic Richfield has no ulterior motive in wishing to acquire and resuscitate *The Observer*. That must be true, of course. ARCO can have no motive except to make profits for its stockholders. Any activity it engaged in which could be shown not to be conducive to that end would properly be a matter for stockholder suits.

The men who control ARCO, on the other hand, may have motives of many kinds. In the case of Robert Anderson, and he seems to have made the decision, we are assured in glowing terms by his (indirect) employee Douglass Cater that his motive was the purest altruism. He just wanted to save one of the world's great newspapers. That may be true. On the other hand it may not be the whole truth. It is conceivable that Anderson and his colleagues want to acquire a voice in Britain because they want to be able to influence British Petroleum, which is controlled by the British Government. B.P. and ARCO are associated in the distribution of crude from B.P.'s operations on the North Slope of Alaska. Or ARCO may feel that owning a major newspaper in London might help it in its bid to win drilling rights in Britain's rich North Sea offshore fields. After all, the Thomson organization, which owns the *Times* and *Sunday Times* (which last employs me, as it happens) has a nice stake in North Sea oil. So does Associated Newspapers, which owns the *Daily Mail*. There are those cynical enough to believe that owning newspapers did not hinder those companies in their efforts to get in on the North Sea bonanza. Conceivably, too, ARCO might come to feel at some time in the future, when Robert O. Anderson was no longer present to banish such an unworthy thought, that ownership of a highly regarded newspaper in London might help it win oil concessions in the Middle East: for ARCO is said to be a crude-hungry company.

It is hard for us to know. Oil companies, even those run by men who like to listen to discussions about communications and society, and shed a tear when they hear, in their towers in Los Angeles, of the fall of a journalistic sparrow across the world, do not usually communicate their innermost thoughts about strategy to newspapers, and least of all to newspapers they own. But let us concede that this is all wide of the mark, the merest Marxist paranoia; that Robert O. Anderson's motives are indeed as altruistic as Professor Cater assures us; and that the guarantees in which he will wrap *The Observer*'s independence do turn out to be as unbreakable as those Astor family trusts from which, we are told, it proved impossible to unlock an alternative source of finance. There still remains the motive of those who were so obviously delighted to sell to a U.S. oil company, rather than to a management with experience in newspapers.

It is not seriously possible, in my view, to maintain that Astor and Goodman jumped with such relief into the arms of ARCO because they were afraid that Murdoch would change the character of the paper in a way that would destroy its quality. For one thing, Murdoch could presumably have been asked for guarantees as much as Anderson. More to the point, Murdoch has no conceivable interest in acquiring yet another money-spinning, down market Sunday newspaper in London. He does have a motive for making a quality newspaper into a commercial success and for encouraging it to adapt to the journalistic and social needs of the future.

The real clincher was precisely that: because Anderson could afford *The Observer* as, at best, a rich man's gesture of *noblesse oblige*, and, at worst, a public relations front, he could afford to leave Astor and Goodman nominally in charge, and with their unsuccessful paper essentially unchanged. Murdoch could not afford such luxuries. He would have had to make the paper succeed both commercially and journalistically. There could hardly be a clearer instance of the priorities of those who run what is left of capitalism in Britain, or of the role they see for themselves, and—by implication—for Britain. They find it easier and less painful to throw themselves on the mercy of a more self-confident (and less tolerant) brand of capitalist, if that is the price for avoiding change, than to face the effort of changing what must be changed if British institutions are to survive as living organisms, and not as exhibits in a Californian-owned museum. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 674)*

guay since Voltaire's time, and it is, as Penny Lernoux says, a "medieval social and economic" setting. Unfortunately, it is one of our free world allies, along with its Latin neighbors, and nothing much will be done to change the situation, unless Carter is a lot more liberal than he let on during the campaign. . . . *Frank W. Goheen*

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AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

THE DILEMMA OF MAKING AMENDS

STEPHEN GILLERS

Affirmative action is a concept that has arisen in recent years as part of the new concern for the rights of minorities in the United States. It says that a minimum quantity of a particular benefit may, or must, be awarded to members of an identifiable racial or sexual group. The purpose is to right, or make amends for, old wrongs, but in situations where benefits are fewer than there are people who want them, the effect is to exclude persons who do not belong to the newly favored group. Hence, affirmative action is sometimes called "reverse discrimination." The issue arises with regard to jobs, training programs, educational opportunities and in other situations where government, or in some cases even private benefits, are available.

As might be expected, some people who felt themselves injured by the application of affirmative action have gone to court. Most notably, a law school applicant named Mark DeFunis complained several years ago that he would have been admitted to the University of Washington Law School if the school had not set aside a certain number of places for minority group applicants. The case traveled all the way to the Supreme Court, but in the meantime DeFunis was allowed to travel through the law school. [See "The DeFunis Case: Race & the Constitution" by Carl Cohen, *The Nation*, February 8, 1975.] By the time it reached the Supreme Court, he was about to graduate. The school agreed that even if DeFunis lost his case, it would still let him finish. So the Supreme Court, with four Justices dissenting, concluded that the case was "moot," that is, that its decision would not matter one way or the other to the parties concerned, and it did not resolve the question.

The issue has now come up again, as it was almost certain to do. This time the student is a medical school applicant, Alan Bakke, who had been rejected by the University of California Medical School at Davis, although his grades and Medical College Admission Tests (MCAT) scores were quite high. He went to court, arguing that he would have been admitted to the school if sixteen of the 100 places available each year had not been especially reserved for minority group applicants. Those applicants were admitted even though their grades and MCAT scores were lower than Bakke's. The university regents admitted that the school's affirmative action program had accepted students whose grades were lower than Bakke's, but it argued that the admissions policy was legal. Bakke responded that it denied him the "equal protection" of the law.

All states and the federal government are required by the Constitution to treat citizens equally. Since the University of California is a state school, it is bound by the Constitution. It was, in fact, the requirement of equal treatment that black students pointed to in 1954 when they persuaded the United States Supreme Court to outlaw all segregated public schools. Now Bakke argued that the same clause ought to protect white students against "reverse" discrimination—whatever may be the benevolent motives of school administrators and others who practice it.

Bakke brought his lawsuit in the California state courts. In September, the California Supreme Court decided for Bakke (one of the seven judges dissented), holding the medical school's affirmative action program unconstitutional on the ground that it denied Bakke equal protection. The regents of the university have decided to seek review of the California court's decision in the United States Supreme Court. Unlike Mark DeFunis, Bakke was not allowed into medical school while his case was pending, so there is no danger that on this ground the issue will be dismissed as moot.

Margulies

If the Supreme Court agrees to review the *Bakke* case, it must make a difficult decision. Affirmative action has been highly controversial, fiercely dividing people whose views on the Constitution usually agree. Members of minority groups argue that for generations their race, not their merit, has deprived them of educational and employment opportunities, and say that, for a limited time at least, society should make up for past discrimination by granting them certain preferences. Preferential treatment is essential, they say, in order that minorities may have an opportunity to enjoy the benefits they would have gained but for more than a century of exploitation and discrimination by the majority. Equality based on merit is not enough, since minority group members have been intentionally denied the chance to acquire the skills

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needed to compete on a merit basis. It would be like holding a race where everyone began at the same starting line and ended at the same finish line, but where some runners had had their legs crippled by the past misconduct of the other contestants.

White students like Bakke recognize that minority group members have been unfairly excluded from access to educational and employment benefits. But, they respond, that does not justify discriminating against white people today. If discrimination is wrong, it is wrong no matter who suffers from it. In those cases where the courts have ordered employers to hire a minimum number (or quota) of minority group employees, there was evidence of past intentional discrimination by the particular employer. Bakke, however, was not guilty of such past discrimination and neither, as the court concluded, was the medical school. So to allow the school to allocate sixteen places for minority students is to permit discrimination in a school, not because of its past misconduct but because of the sins of society generally. Why should Bakke, an innocent, be required to repay the debt of a whole society?

The California Supreme Court struggled with these arguments and ruled for Bakke. It did note that the University of California had not been guilty of prior discrimination, but the thrust of its opinion was in a different direction. The court first ruled that it is not constitutionally required that a school "afford determinative weight in admissions" to grade point average and test scores. The fact that Bakke had higher grades did not automatically entitle him to be admitted over someone with lower grades. A school may consider "that low grades and test scores may not accurately reflect the abilities of some disadvantaged students; and it may reasonably conclude that, although their academic scores are lower, their potential for success in the school and the profession is equal to or greater than that of an applicant with higher grades who has not been similarly handicapped." Furthermore, a school may consider such factors as a "personal interview, recommendations, character, and matters relating to the needs of the profession and society, such as an applicant's professional goals." The interest in improving medical care for minorities may also be a factor when determining whether to admit an applicant.

The court then said that it is also acceptable to favor "disadvantaged" applicants, even though their marks and test scores may be lower than those of other applicants, but in that case "disadvantaged applicants of all races must be eligible for sympathetic consideration." In other words, the university's error was not in setting aside sixteen places for the disadvantaged, but in limiting the places to disadvantaged *minority* students. White disadvantaged students must also be considered for those spots. In short, the court believed that the laudable goals of affirmative action—including the goal of increasing minority doctors—could be met by focusing on the pool of "disadvantaged" applicants without need to resort to racial definitions. It is fallacious, the court reasoned, to treat the "white majority" as the monolithic oppressor of victimized racial minorities. Quoting from a recent law review article, the court found the following statement "convincing":

> But the white majority is pluralistic, containing within itself a multitude of religious and ethnic minorities—Catholics, Jews, Italians, Irish, Poles—and many others who are vulnerable to prejudice and who to this day suffer from the effects of past discrimination. Such groups have only recently begun to enjoy the benefits of a free society and should not be exposed to new discriminatory bars, even if they are raised in the cause of compensation to certain racial minorities for past inequities.

Organizations concerned with the rights of racial minorities have urged the university's regents *not* to seek Supreme Court review of the *Bakke* decision. The first case on this issue to be decided by the Supreme Court will be the "test" case and lawyers representing minority interests want the facts to be the best possible from their point of view. The facts in *Bakke* are not considered the best available for establishing the legitimacy of affirmative action, and the record—the evidence on the issue introduced in the lower court—is thought much too scanty to serve as the vehicle for an important Supreme Court decision. Prof. Ralph Smith of the University of Pennsylvania Law School has even suggested possible collusion between Bakke and the university, the presumptively opposing parties. He points out that it was a university official who in the first place advised Bakke to consider a court challenge and that, after the action was brought, the regents ignored certain of its defenses, thus forcing consideration of the constitutional questions.

Prof. Harry T. Edwards of Harvard Law School, a teacher active in this area, has written to Donald L. Reidhaar, general counsel for the regents, detailing the reasons to avoid Supreme Court review. Nevertheless, the regents had decided to seek review, and that has lead some critics to believe that persons at the university who made or advised on the decision, instead of supporting affirmative action, may actually be hostile to it and aware that the comparatively weak facts in *Bakke* could result in a High Court opinion crippling to such programs. As a result, the National Conference of Black Lawyers and other groups will ask the Court not to review *Bakke*, at least not yet, but to send it back to the California courts for further proceedings, in which minority groups can participate to assure that their position is adequately represented.

Such are the politics of test case litigation. The Supreme Court has its own mind, of course, and can make of the case what it wishes. But given the strong interest in the issue, the Court will eventually have to confront it. (*DeFunis* resulted in twenty-six friend-of-the-court briefs from organizations urging the Court to take one or another position. In dissent, Justice Brennan wrote that "few constitutional questions in recent history have stirred as much debate, and they will not disappear.") Affirmative action raises some of the toughest questions to confront American society: how will the nation make amends for the effects of centuries of slavery and a century more of official and officially tolerated discrimination? Who, in particular, will pay the price? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Theatre of Memory

TERRA NOSTRA. *By Carlos Fuentes. Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 778 pp. $15.*

ANTHONY HEILBUT

In one of the many explanations this novel provides for its extraordinary complexity of structure, a painter presents himself as a master of the imagination, "and imagination is what changes." *Terra Nostra* with its range of 2,000 years of history recovers the amplitude and humanity of many earlier novels—its literary antecedents are as much English and German as French and Spanish—but it is always as if the themes, myths and insights of the past have been reimagined and made brand new. Fuentes's obsession with historical cycles and his appropriation of earlier literature may startle some readers, but his novel offers a variety of pleasures missing from most recent North American fiction.

In a novel where one and two are subsumed in three, first, second and third person narrative become interchangeable. Near the end we read, "because you are who you are and are from where you are you tell yourself that . . . the least realized, the most abortive, the most latent and desiring of all histories" is "that of Spain and Spanish America," and the *you* clearly identifies Fuentes himself. His vision of history, both Marxist and mythic, informed *The Death of Artemio Cruz* and *A Change of Skin*. *Terra Nostra* carries dedications to almost all the great leftist writers of Latin America and their spouses; implicitly and explicitly this novel is a communal effort. But although other novelists, particularly García Márquez and Donoso can match or surpass Fuentes's surreal inventions, who among them ranges so widely into philosophy, art and literature? This immensely learned novel can baffle and drain the reader and yet even at its most obsessive it contains a spectacular image or insight on each page. The combination of the surreal and quotidian may be quintessentially Hispanic but *Terra Nostra* often recalls the great novels of Proust, Mann and Musil with their similar transitions from intellectual discourse to distilled, almost emblematic action. Like these novelists, Fuentes's technique is often essayistic, an absorbing quality though not one that usually wins favor with Anglo-American readers.

The novel begins in a nexus of science fiction and fable that sets the tone for 778 pages. It is Bastille Day 1999. Pollo Phoibe, a one-armed sandwich man, wanders through a Paris strewn everywhere with death except where numerous women give birth in public to twelve-toed babies with red crosses on their backs. Pollo indulges in games of trivia while characters out of Balzac and Hugo dart behind corners, and medieval flagellants troop down the Boulevard Saint-Germain. He receives a note advising him that Ludovico and Celestina expect him, but as he encounters the girl, he accidentally slips into the Seine, not to return for 730 pages.

The novel then leaps back over 500 years to the court of Felipe El Señor, the son (historically the grandson) of Philip the Fair. A religious fanatic and necrophiliac, Felipe is building the Escorial as a monument to death and medieval Catholicism; the novel makes the linkage of the two very plain. Equally grotesque are those around him: his mother Juana la Loca who accompanies the embalmed, castrated corpse of her husband in caravans that crisscross Spain; his wife, Isabel (Elizabeth Tudor, the Virgin Queen), a victim of courtly love, worshipped but untouched by Felipe; and Guzman his huntsman, the "new man" produced by the spirits of commerce and imperialism, who massacres Belgian heretics and Mexican Aztecs. Guzman's cruelty, and its origin in a trail of real and imagined insults, recall the villains of 19th-century fiction but the novel's scope forces us to see him as a proto-Fascist.

Felipe is less overtly sadistic; rather he is the religious masochist whose one colossal cruelty was the youthful betrayal of a band of heretics. The only survivors were the four people with whom he shared the happiest moments of his youth. Each one had a singular vision: the revolutionary Pedro dreamed a world without arbitrary power or economic division; the priest Simon, a world without illness; the student Ludovico, a world without God where each man is his own source of grace; and Celestina, the spirit of eternal woman, a world where love is free. Celestina and Ludovico are briefly Felipe's lovers (the few paragraphs showing the birth of the one love out of the other are among the most sensitive and erotic ever written on bisexuality) and the symbols of his best self. The novel is at its saddest and most surprising in those moments when Felipe apologizes to the companions of his youth, in absentia, as if realizing that they are the only gods he can betray.

While Felipe is building his monument to death three young men make their appearance on a beach, the Cabo de los Desastres, each one bearing the red-cross mark and the twelve toes of the Parisian mutants. After brilliantly presenting the erotic and Messianic hopes they evoke in others Fuentes reveals the three to be brothers, the products of Philip the Fair's rapes of a she-wolf, his daughter-in-law Isabel and Celestina (in this incarnation a peasant girl though she later returns as a witch, the Indian Lady of the Butterflies and a rejuvenated version of herself). These three, raised by Ludovico in an environment of hermetic and Cabalistic lore, share the capacity to dream each other and in turn the great episodes of Felipe's realm: his last battle, the destruction of the Adamite heretics in Belgium, the literary career of Miguel de Cervantes, and the discovery of New Spain which comprises the second volume of the novel.

Terra Nostra clearly inhabits a world of history and fantasy which becomes a kind of revisionist history. Even as he presents the most loathsome cruelties of Western civilization, Fuentes suggests that alternative possibilities have always existed. He actively celebrates all the religious heretics from the Pelagians, with their denial of original sin or the need for rituals and sacrament, to Felipe's contemporaries, the Waldenseans and Adamites. Almost worshipfully Semitic in his praise of Moslem and Jewish culture, Fuentes makes the novel's central statement of belief out of the Cabalistic notion that "nothing changes completely. Everything is transformed. What we believe to be dead has but changed place. What is, is thought. What is thought, is." This Hermetic credo is beautifully dramatized in the

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Venetian Valerio Camillo's Theatre of Memory. Fuentes admits his debts to Frances Yates's study on the art of memory, and the Theatre of Memory provides the most haunting and poignant of Fuentes's many visions. The theatre presented not only what was but what should have been, not only what will but what can be. If "what is thought, is," then Camillo's alternative memories required a future to make them past. In one of the great episodes in recent fiction, Camillo shows Ludovico a world where history is rewritten, Cain forgets Abel, Helen returns home, Satan never leaves, Mohammedans occupy Paris, Pelagius defeats Augustus, Dante marries Beatrice, a baby girl is born in Bethlehem, and Pilate pardons her.

This is heady stuff but Fuentes moors it to the real world. His alternative vision is also economic: he always shows that the splendors of Roman, Spanish or Mayan civilization are paid for with the lives of impoverished peasants and workers; Felipe admits that the logical skirmishes diminish the threat of political rebellion. The alternative philosophy the novel affirms most deeply is not hermetic but female, and Celestina is its prophetess. The love she incarnates goes beyond the Cabalistic glorification of three by turning two into one. We can see all of this and more in "The First Testament," one of the novel's great chapters. Here a concrete, historical fact —the invention of the printing press— exemplifies for Felipe the desacralization of the text. And, as if to dissolve the uniqueness of The Word, Felipe himself imagines an alternative testament, inspired by Gnostic and Nestorian heresy, where the human Jesus and divine Christ are separate, where Jesus is a radical agitator and the lover of both Mary Magdalene and John the Baptist (whose spurning of Salome is demoted from heroic sacrifice to a divergence in taste). Even more blasphemous is the presentation of Joseph as a grouchy, macho craftsman who refuses to be cuckolded by a dove and hammers his son's cross himself (as God plots the murder of his son, Christ). And finally there is Mary, released, as Celestina would put it, from a history composed by men, revealed as the *daughter* of the House of David, the goddess of earthly love, and the guardian of "real time, . . . woman's time, simultaneous time," the time of this novel.

The alternatives are always defeated but never destroyed, and their resonance provides the hope that Fuentes identifies as our only freedom. When late in the novel, Ludovico begs Felipe to reject Guzman's counsel and not allow the massacre of a new band of heretics and rebels, he offers him the chance to "earn your own freedom and everyone else's," by proving history need not endlessly repeat itself. As the soul song says, rather than plunder the New World, as Guzman desires, Felipe can turn his ships around. Of course he refuses, and Fuentes like Milton makes us suffer the working out of ends we already know. But this paradise of thought can be regained: the novel ends, after a series of disasters including a fratricidal war in Mexico, with a new world ushered in by an androgynous Pollo Phoibe, the two finally transcended in one.

The visual arts are crucial to a novel where the most recondite and hermetic symbols are rendered visual. Fuentes's interconnection of symbols is always a meditation on history. So the television screens of a Mexican dictator in 1999 dissolve into the smoking mirrors of Aztec myth; the phantoms that plague Felipe come from the past (he dines, accompanied by the mummified relics of his ancestors) but the USAF planes that strafe Mexico with napalm are manned by the descendants of Felipe and his creature Guzman . . . and carry the name Phantom; the insects and mice that devour Felipe and Isabel are the dybbuks of the microbe world that conquer Western civilization. In an excremental vision, excrement has its place. Felipe comes upon German mercenaries defecating in a Flanders cathedral before a golden altar, and Fuentes wonders more imaginatively than Freud which is the greater treasure: gold from the earth's entrails, or excrement from man's? Excrement is dust and dust is earth, and the earthly paradise of the next world will again return us to dust, but this time "without sin, and with pleasure."

But these are epiphenomena, and Fuentes's greatest pictorial accomplishments are both more expansive and more human. They serve as the visual equivalent of the objective correlative in a highly cinematic manner. At the end of Ophuls's *Memory of Justice*, there is a freeze shot of a French Resistance worker leaving the Nuremberg courtroom and turning her head, possessed of the sudden thought that she will never again see the accused Nazis so close. As Marie Claude Vaillant-Couturier stares, the camera captures an experience that hours of talk cannot fully elucidate. I think Fuentes pursues such moments—as when we see Pedro, the aged revolutionary, finally landed in the New World, spitting into the Pacific as if his insult will swim back to Felipe. Fuentes uses the visual to transcend itself. Julian's portrait of Jesus and the naked townsman strips away twice to reveal first Bosch's Earthly Paradise and next a vision of Felipe's court. An even more astonishing expansion of the senses takes place when the Pilgrim to the New World makes love to the Indian Lady of the Butterflies. In this perfect union, the two become one as he speaks out of her mouth. All the senses are fused and transformed into a supreme moment of touch. Then he returns to normal, and "with every new flash of light, with every new odor, with every new crashing sound," the union separates into its components and the lady disappears.

Terra Nostra dramatizes European history, both political and artistic: its vision comprehends Greek sculpture and Roman chronicles, Baroque paintings and Buñuel movies. But its primary aesthetic mirror is Spanish literature. Don Quixote, "a double victim of reading," could only conquer the world he had misread when he became an object of its reading, the first hero to read about himself. Cervantes's aesthetic becomes the novel's most ambitious credo: "I shall create an open book where the reader will know he is read and the author will know he is written." Fuentes's new imagining of the great traditional fictions of Europe makes the earlier writers not only our contemporaries but their own, calling to one another across the centuries. So one of the three red-cross brothers assumes the dream-mantle of Don Juan, and is literally exposed as a creature of mirrors, Oedipus, and one who remembers everything and desires and understands nothing. He also pays homage to Anglo-American writing: the grotesque cripple, Juana la Loca, is worthy of Dickens; the descriptions of land- and seascape would honor Melville; the merging of multiple confessions suggests Faulkner. At his most audacious, Fuentes shows Cervantes writing and discarding Kafka's first paragraph, and so appropriate to the novel are the images of bugs, dreams, and metamorphosis that Kafka becomes an extension of Cervantes, re-imagined by Fuentes for this novel.

Fuentes manages his universe of discourse through his striking mastery of perspective and timing. Perspective is located in art and human psychology, as imagination is both the product and culmination of a series of pictorial images. Susan Fox has recently argued that multiple perspectives and simultaneity are Blake's salient characteristics, and they are appropriate to Fuentes's post-romantic vision. In another reclamation of literary history, Fuentes shows Tiberius Caesar's court chronicler, Theodorus, experimentally melding the third and second person narratives. Like

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García Márquez in his latest novel, Fuentes shifts pronouns with bewildering fluency. But what most deeply animates his perspectives is the subtle use of prepositions. From the first vision of a red-cross brother, awakening on the beach and staring up and around him, everything in the novel is seen from an angle. The mastery of pronouns and prepositions induces in the characters and reader a sense of constant suspense and surprise: in this multifarious universe, anything can literally come from anywhere.

Mystery is Fuentes's subject, and it saves his novel from the claustrophobia threatened by "eternal unity in eternal multiplicity." Particularly appropriate to the demands of mystery and his vision is his habit of placing effects before their causes. But when causes are discovered, their subsequent effects contradict their antecedents. In terms of the Theatre of Memory, the present tense is illuminated by the past and realized in the subjunctive. So the Biblical Christ who makes El Felipe's life an orgy of masochism and necrophilia is revealed midway through the novel as the unnatural union of a human Jesus and divine Christ; but for Fuentes two are not enough and the real solution is three: late in the novel we learn the two thieves hanging beside Jesus were his brothers. Similarly the origin of the three brothers reared by Ludovico exfoliates in stages, much like the paintings that strip away to reveal a Spanish court or an earthly paradise. After El Felipe has dispatched the three brothers, he discovers their origin in one earlier figure who was actually two, a murdered Caesar and/or his slave. But in a coda, Fuentes presents the descendants of this one and three: every child born in the last days of 1999. The novel's structure suggests that there is always more to be known, and that the final knowledge will be shared by everyone, even if that is only the one, the androgyne formed from Cervantes—Pollo Phoibe—Pilgrim and Celestina.

Reading *Terra Nostra* is one of the great experiences of the 1970s. If we are forced to draw comparisons with other works, it is because Fuentes calls upon all our resources as readers, his assumption being that his open book reads us and him simultaneously. His novel contains episodes of cruelty and necrophilia that turn the stomach, and its historical vision is one of despair, those Spanish boats and American planes never turn around. For all this, *Terra Nostra* can make one positively happy: like two other great visionaries, Milton and Tolstoi, Fuentes's most amiable visions are homely and human. Milton sensed the angel's wing and the shepherd's heel; Tolstoi imagined Napoleon ransacking Europe and a teenage Natasha dancing at her first ball. In a characteristic episode, Fuentes has the girl Celestina come upon a she-wolf giving birth to a human child. The incident is surreal but the girl's response—as the wolf suckles her infant, "I touched my breasts and realized that though I knew a lot, I was still a little girl"—is not.

Terra Nostra is particularly Latin American in its hatred of the Catholic Church, here the embodiment of social, political, emotional and sexual repression. Yet it shares a trinity with the Church, though one swept by a grace that is completely human. Good and bad, life and death, the great opposing duos require a third, mediating agent: the spirit that resides in man's art and memory. This is a holy ghost that breathes in all of us. When the painter Julian tells El Felipe "imagination is what changes," he also says, "My art is unsigned" because it "does not represent an affirmation of stupid individualism but an act of creation." Fuentes clearly shares his accomplishments with his peers and friends, but he assumes that those who cannot realize them can dream and remember. This novel, the most profound meditation on human memory since Proust, goes beyond Proust in its affirmation. For while Proust's memory could recapture and illuminate a remembered past, in Fuentes's theatre of memory, rehearsal is both repetition and preparation. □

The Museum of Horrors

THE AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH. *By Gabriel García Márquez. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Harper & Row. 269 pp. $10.*

LUYS A. DIEZ

History in the form of artists and writers has frequently been unkind to the satraps of the Americas. Harrowing murals by Orozco and Siqueiros, scathing poems by Neruda and Ernesto Cardenal, haunting novels by Miguel A. Asturias and Roa Bastos, are but a small sample from the museum of horrors which commemorates six generations of Latin American dictators. Two recent novels which coincide nicely with the new wave of despotism add to this already rich collection. In *Reasons of State* Alejo Carpentier studies the dynamics of power, both foreign and domestic, which make and break a better-than-average dictator, while the Colombian novelist Gabriel García Márquez creates a portentous fable on the pathological aspects of dictatorship in *The Autumn of the Patriarch.*

Carpentier's "Head of State" (as his dictator is called throughout) appears in command of his destiny insofar as he knows and abides by the rules of the dictatorial game. Foreign influences and domestic forces can harass him and even oust him, but the proper pragmatism will serve him well even in exile. By contrast García Márquez's Patriarch is a man trapped in a cage of his own making. He has jettisoned all the rules of the game and turned both his existence and that of his country into a labyrinth where the present is no longer a generative act of time but a mode of discontinued and shapeless existence, a perpetual past. In the full throes of his pathology he mourns his own death and the impending orphanhood of that sterile creature, his nation.

Given its views of time and history, *The Autumn of the Patriarch* cannot make use of conventional fictional devices. To begin with there is by design no fixed point of view so that the reader will have nothing to guide him through the narrative undergrowth of this complex history. The monolithic paragraphs, nearly devoid of periods, compel us further into the labyrinth of prose until we are suddenly helpless, caught and controlled by the writer, our dictator. The dismemberment of time has much the same effect: we can get nowhere as events reduplicate upon themselves without any narrative advance.

The duplicated event which lies at the novel's core is the double death of the Patriarch, neither version of which brings anything to a conclusion. In this way the chronological boundaries of the last five centuries are erased and much of the book's surrealistic atmosphere arises from the witty and ambiguous use of historical references: William Dampier, last of the great plunderers, is referred to as if he were still raiding the Spanish Main when in fact he died in 1715; the change in the nation's coastline is attributed to Halley's comet, but there is a deliberate vagueness as to which of the

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comet's appearances, 1835 or 1910, was responsible; after a plague of black vomit the Marines depart leaving their battleship behind as a memento for the Patriarch, and several years later three caravels, complete with a crew speaking 15th-century Spanish, anchor just behind this same decaying U.S. craft.

In addition to the ahistorical atmosphere which precludes orientation in time there is a series of disorienting visual images which similarly thwart any certain orientation in space: Babylonian willows transported alive from Asia Minor in great seagoing hothouses, hens laying eggs in the drawers of file cabinets, lepers sleeping under lunar-dust-covered rosebushes, a wind machine that counterfeits any phenomenon from the four points of the compass, herds of cows grazing on velvet curtains and billiard felt. Thus the labyrinth proliferates and while much of this looks and sounds somewhat like the rollicking world of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the exuberant blossoming of that book has given way to excremental profusion here; physical and erotic vigor are replaced by disease and impotence. One is reminded not of Rabelais and Cervantes as in García Márquez's earlier works but of the Swift of *Gulliver's Travels* Book IV and Defoe's *A Journal of the Plague Year*.

The "solitary vice of power" as García Márquez calls it not only disorganizes time and space but is also responsible for natural disorders. The Patriarch is afflicted with strange physical complaints: the great feet of an elephant; the twisted talons of a hawk; a herniated testicle which causes unbearable buzzing in his eardrums. There is also the question of his age which accelerates and decelerates from event to event and which further isolates him in his freakishness. Devoid of any natural continuity, only rancor holds his identity together.

During the seven years of its composition García Márquez often referred to *The Autumn of the Patriarch* as "a great poem on the solitude of power." Indeed he used some of this time to collect a wealth of anecdotes about dictatorial antics which he incorporated into his fiction. Many of these are recognizably drawn from the rich career of Generalisimo Franco: his incredible durability, the crude rapaciousness of his wife's shopping expeditions, his generous offers of asylum to so many fallen dictators on the run. Argentines, other than loyal Peronists, will also enjoy the scene in which the Patriarch's mother is canonized by decree and in the gruesome efforts to preserve her corpse with the obvious allusions to the hagiolatry of Eva Perón. In fact there is probably no Hispanic country which is not represented by some recognizable autocratic excess in the course of the novel. This combination of recognizable events with the surrealistic images described elsewhere keeps the nightmare's actuality alive for us as we read back and forth between allusions to historical episodes and the surrealistic feel of those events. Certainly the recent Uruguayan and Chilean horrors cast the grimmest shadow over *The Autumn of the Patriarch* and are probably responsible for making it the most forceful of the several kinds of protest which have been lodged against those regimes. □

The Stuff of Fiction

THE SUGARMILL: The Socioeconomic Complex of Sugar in Cuba 1760-1860. *By Manuel Moreno Fraginals. Translated by Cedric Belfrage. Monthly Review Press. 182 pp. $23.50.*

INSIDE THE MONSTER: Writings on the United States and American Imperialism. *By José Martí. Edited with an introduction and notes by Philip Foner. Translated by Elinor Randall, with additional translations by Luis A. Baralt, Juan de Onis and Roslyn Held Foner. Monthly Review Press. 386 pp. $16.50.*

THE DOCILE PUERTO RICAN. *By René Marqués. Translated with an introduction by Barbara Bockus Aponte. Temple University Press. 137 pp. $10.*

ROBERTO MARQUEZ

Latin America, we are finally agreed, now has a literature to match its Andes: vigorous, original, imposing and unique. And, like the Andes, still rising. Its considerable international reputation has been both solidly earned and, in not a few cases (one thinks, for example, of César Vallejo and, more recently, Juan Carlos Onetti and Alejo Carpentier) long overdue. But the well-deserved appeal of such writers as Neruda, Cortázar, García Márquez and the all too ubiquitous Borges and Paz, to name only a few, has tended, unjustifiably, to eclipse an equally impressive body of historical, critical, and re-evaluative writing by Latin Americans which has to wait years for translation and, once translated, may well be ignored except by a small coterie of enthusiasts and initiates. This is all the more lamentable because, beyond shedding considerable light on the forces which shape the area and its struggle against U.S. hegemony, these works form, with our poetry and fiction, part of a linked mass, a cordillera, of passionate explorations into the culture, politics and history of "Our America." If anything this cordillera has grown in response to the Cuban Revolution, the Allende government and its overthrow, the Peruvian "experiment," Panama's call for nationalization of the Canal, and the international movement for the independence of Puerto Rico.

This neglect, on the other hand, is perfectly comprehensible: more broadly accessible fiction in particular is simply a more lucrative investment for publishers. Poetry, though less so, still has its direct appeal and, at a time when poets are as celebrated as novelists, no mean public. Still, in view of the current crisis of colonialism in Puerto Rico and the checkered history of United States-Cuban relations, this does not fully explain the curious timing involved in the publication of a book like *The Docile Puerto Rican*; nor why a minimally satisfying collection of the writing of José Martí has not been previously available in English; nor, for that matter, why so extraordinary a work as *The Sugarmill* should be appearing more than eleven years after its original publication in Spanish. One has the suspicion that more than coincidence is involved. Isolation, assault and blockade, as René Marqués himself points out, are cultural no less than political weapons in an ever intensifying conflict between American imperialism and the rest of the Americas. Cold wars, after all, are no thing of the past and, with the stakes as high as they are, ideas are occasionally as dangerous and effective as bullets or foreign aid. The suspicion tends to be confirmed when one realizes that of the books in question, those which really do reflect the present re-evaluative mood in Latin America are published by Monthly Review Press. This is a measure certainly of something more than the good eye, good taste and good judgment of its readers and editors. It also measures the ideological distance that separates a conventional university press from a Marxist publisher. In a broader way, it hints at the extent of the time lag in which the academy seems trapped. Too often it arrives on the scene after the discussion

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has already taken a different tack. That they arrive at all is, I suppose, a measure of the catalytic power of the eruptions that periodically thrust Latin America into our consciousness.

The Sugarmill is a rarity: a seminal book of extensive erudition that can profitably be read by scholar and layman alike. As a work of scholarship, it has transformed all we know about sugar production and life in the mill and the larger context in which both occur. On the strength of this book alone Manuel Moreno Fraginals, the author of other works besides, takes a place among figures as important as Fernando Ortiz, Ramiro Guerra and Julio LeRiverend. Originally published by the Cuban National Commission of UNESCO, in 1964, its appearance in Havana was something of a sensation. It was out of print almost immediately and even a scholar as informed as Hugh Thomas, in Cuba doing research for his book *Cuba: The Pursuit of Freedom*, had to rely on *radio bemba* —word of mouth—to find the (borrowed) copy he was to use. As late as 1974, the visitor to Havana anxious to get his hands on *The Sugarmill* was still lucky to find anyone willing to part with one. The second volume, recently completed, promises to have the same effect.

The first volume is an essay on the growth and development of the sugar economy in Cuba, the sugarocracy it gave rise to, and the institutional—social, political, cultural, and ideological—buttressing which was its indispensable by-product. It is, at the same time, a shrewd assessment of the different factors that simultaneously compelled and retarded the further expansion of the economic and political power of that sugarocracy, the complete blossoming of a native bourgeoisie and an incipient capitalism. With a detailed descriptive-historical survey of the techniques and apparatus related to sugar production in the 18th and 19th centuries, *The Sugarmill* is, in addition, a forceful argument, amply extended in the notes, against the method and conclusions of more conventional historians whose lack of technical expertise and dependence on secondary or sugarocrat sources lead them to erroneous or idealist interpretations of this decisive juncture in colonial Cuban history. "Without knowing the internal data of the sugarmill as a productive unit, we cannot seriously interpret Cuban history." Dedicated amateurs like the Baron von Humboldt, Pazuela and Ramón de la Sagra, or sugarocrats like Francisco de Arango himself are the traditional scholarly sources. The latter were not above lying, nor the former beyond being fooled. "The most reliable sources," Fraginals emphasizes, "are the confidential ones of the mills themselves—their account books, slave records, daily harvest and grinding reports." To his deciphering of these Fraginals brings a combination of theoretical and practical preparation rare among historians and a rigorously applied Marxist methodology.

In his revision of the work of previous scholars, Fraginals begins by documenting the transition from the relatively self-sufficient character of the ancient *trapiche*, with its patriarchal form of slavery, to the massively demanding *ingenio* that, in its perpetual need to create the profitable demands of a world market, destroyed that self-sufficiency and ended by devouring small landholders, every piece of available land and quantities of slaves. The emergence of the class of sugarocrats and, alongside the slaves of a small enclave of wage laborers (ex-tobacco growers, shipyard crews, artisans), had some of the flavor of an Industrial Revolution. It was, in brief, "a slave system with a 'factory act'" to which the emergent class of anomalous Creole capitalists became fully and irrevocably committed. As a result,

> . . . there arose a type of economic entrepreneur who was characterized by his employment of slaves and his wealth based on slavery, but who fully realized that slavery was at the same time the great brake, the chain shackling him to the past and preventing the leap into full capitalism.

A striking appreciation of the audacity, enterprise and intellectual weight of the men caught in this pathetic contradiction is one of Fraginals's more modest achievements.

There were some positive aspects to all this: the consolidation of the planter class implied the geographical unification of the island, some limited modernization of communications, and contributed significantly to the formation, prior to the First War of Independence (1868-78), of a sense of Cuban nationality. To their inauguration of a distorted economy they brought a patriotic fervor, born of good business sense, and a new conception of history: "Placing the birth of Cuban history in 1761-1763 was a political invention . . . of the sugarocracy which endured as long as that class has the power—until modern times."

If there is anything to fault in Fraginals's analysis, it is its too cursory treatment of the coincident fortunes of racist theories among the sugarocrats, particularly as these relate to the personality of the slave. This insufficient elaboration on a phenomenon that the author clearly understands is not an entirely negligible omission. *The Sugarmill*, nonetheless, is a stunning achievement, essential reading for anyone who wishes to untangle the roots of Cuban national development.

Perhaps no individual before Fidel Castro had so catalytic an effect on the political direction in which Cuba, and the whole of Latin America, would move in our own century as the martyred apostle of the Second War of Independence (1895-98), José Martí. He was among the first to effectively alert Latin America to the dangers posed by an expansionist North American Republic, and his activity put an end to Latin America's long flirtation with the idyllic myth of the United States. Fidel, not incidentally, credits him as the intellectual author of his attack on the Moncada. Himself the organizer of a revolution, Martí also launched a direct and sustained assault on the sophistry and pseudo-science—craniology, physiognomy, phrenology—typical of 19th-century racist ideology. Defying the divisive racial snobbery of the sugarocracy, he underscored the syncretic ethos of our mestizo America. "Cuban," he emphasized, "is more than white, more than black, more than mulatto." He pushed back Spanish attempts to capitalize on the fear of "Africanization" with the explosive declaration that "This is not the century of the struggle of races but of the affirmation of rights." It was his fear of Yankee racism no less than his dream of thwarting their imperialist ambitions that caused him to be wary of the United States. Certainly no Spanish American before him would provide his public with as accurate and sobering an analysis of its own innards and this accounts in part for the current revival of Latin American interest in his works. In spite of this no genuinely representative edition of his work exists in English. Philip Foner's promised three volumes, of which this is the first to appear, may yet fill that vacuum.

Only two previous collections are available at all: Juan de Onis's *The America of José Martí* (1945), and Luis A. Baralt's *Martí on the U.S.A.* (1966). With the exception of the critical "Our America" and one or another isolated document, they largely ignore Martí's anti-imperialistic and political writings. We are served up a domesticated Martí. The reader and Martí are both better served by Foner, who emphasizes Martí's assessments of the struggle between capital and labor, his analysis of the American political system, and of the situation of minorities. The editor's introduction places his selection in its proper biographical *and historical* context, and the excellent notes to the references of the essays themselves give the reader a keener notion of Martí's acumen and the surprising breadth (despite occasional errors in matters of detail) of his famil-

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iarity with developments in this country. The result is a more informed and authentic, though not uncritical, portrayal.

The selection concentrates on the years 1881-89. These are the years of Martí's arrival and settlement in New York and just prior to his founding of the Cuban Revolutionary Party in 1892. It is a transitional phase in which Martí's initial optimism about the democratic nature of the American polity, its possibilities for racial harmony and national consolidation turns into its opposite. He writes in a prose worthy of a predecessor of Frantz Fanon, of "the crude, uneven, and decadent character of the United States, and the continuous existence there of all the violence, discord, immorality, and disorder blamed upon the peoples of Spanish America." An introductory editorial, "The Truth About the United States" (1894), a piece on ethnic politics in New Orleans and another on "The Monetary Congress of the American Republics" (1891) suggest the full extent of his radicalization in the '90s.

In addition the remarkable contemporaneity of Martí's critique of Blaine's version of the Pan-American ideal, his denunciation of its imperialist intent, will, I suspect, startle many readers. "They believe," he writes,

> in the inferiority of the Negroes whom they enslaved yesterday and are criticizing today, and of the Indians whom they are exterminating. They believe that the Spanish American nations are formed principally of Indians and Negroes. As long as the United States knows no more about Spanish America, and respects it no more, . . . can this country invite Spanish America to an alliance that would be honest and useful to our Spanish American nations? . . . the time has come for Spanish America to declare its second independence.

Statements like these seem almost to have been written in response to Mr. Kissinger's recent declaration of ignorance regarding Latin America no less than against the OAS sanctions against Cuba in the early 1960s.

The Docile Puerto Rican, on the contrary, has a peculiarly vintage flavor. Behind its exaggerated pessimism about the character of the Puerto Rican people, one detects nostalgia for a—never extant—Eden of landholding Creole gentlemen and *hommes des lettres.* This tone is more appropriate to turn-of-the-century figures like José de Diego and Antonio S. Pedreira, whose *Insularismo* (1934) is the direct antecedent of Marqués's title essay. A distinguished author of novels, plays, and short stories, René Marqués is a familiar figure to audiences of Puerto Rican theatre and fiction. An English language version of his play *La Carreta (The Ox-Cart)* was published—and staged—in New York a few years ago, and examples of his other work are scattered about in journals and anthologies. Even so, this book represents the first publication of his essays in English. The selection includes essays written between 1955-62, and later revised, covering a variety of topics. These include "The Problem of Language in Puerto Rico," an interpretation of the literary generation of the 1940s to which Marqués belongs, and an ongoing analysis of "the stubborn collision of two nationalisms: one extreme (the North American), the other diluted daily. . . ."

Two preoccupations unite this diverse body of writing: the current political status of Puerto Rico, with its corrosive effect on every vital area of experience on the island, and the nature of the artist's responsibility and endeavor. They are, more properly, aspects of a single concern for Marqués. The praiseworthy defense of Puerto Rican culture and national sovereignty is, unfortunately, premised on a metaphysical concept not unrelated to some determinist forms of 19th-century "spirit of the people" thinking: the so-called "docility complex." The method of analysis that asserts the existence of this alleged complex is, in addition, tautological. One is struck, for example, by the fact that the appeal to literature, in the title essay, as the "proof" of the argument allows Marqués to draw heavily on his own work for "the evidence." And his dismissal of Puerto Rico's militant nationalist movements as so many instances of a self-destructive, suicidal impulse—an extreme form of this "docility"—borders on the cynical.

One is immediately reminded of Pedreira. One of a class of Creole petit bourgeois made economically and politically impotent by American intervention, he found solace, with that class, in a radical Latinism and the angry assertion, made in *Insularismo,* that "Our multitude . . . is docile and pacific: it is typified by resignation." The blame for this fell to our insularity and the struggle "in the mestizo [of] two antagonistic races difficult to combine and of opposed cultures." Pedreira's geographical and racial determinism becomes, in Marqués, a psychological determinism. The advance in subtlety is no more convincing.

All Marqués has to say about the writer, despite the accuracy of his emphasis on the necessarily aesthetic demands of his calling, amounts to, in the words of Aníbal Ponce, "the emphatic affirmation of the man who thinks over the man who lives; the scorn for struggle and action; the arrogance of the intellectual elite with their proud conviction that, outside of their world, there is nothing but agitation without importance." One suspects that what will matter in the long run, on the issue of Puerto Rican independence and U.S. colonialism, is what he wants and, on the issue of our alleged "docility" and the writer's aristocracy, not what he thinks. Foothills, too, announce large cordilleras. □

Books by Nation Contributors

We list below books published in 1976 by writers who have appeared in The Nation *this year. This compilation is a regular year-end feature.*

PHILIP APPLEMAN. *Open Doorways.* W.W. Norton & Co. $7.95. Paper $2.95.

An Essay on the Principle of Population (editor). W.W. Norton & Co. $10. Paper $2.95.

MARGARET ATWOOD. *Lady Oracle.* Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

HUGO ADAM BEDAU (co-editor with Chester M. Pierce). *Capital Punishment in the United States.* AMS Press. $25.

JERRY J. BERMAN (with Robert L. Borosage, Morton H. Halperin and Christine Marwick). *The Lawless State: The Crimes of the U.S. Intelligence Agencies.* Penguin Books. Paper $2.95.

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN (editor). *The Atomic Bomb: The Critical Issues.* Little, Brown and Co. Paper $4.95.

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL (co-editor with H. Yazijian). *Gunplay: Assassination Conspiracy Theories from Dallas to Today.* New American Library. Paper $1.50.

PHILIP BOOTH (editor). *Available Light.* The Viking Press. $5.95.

ROBERT L. BOROSAGE (with Jerry J. Berman, Morton H. Halperin and Christine Marwick). *The Lawless State: The Crimes of the U.S. Intelligence Agencies.* Penguin Books. Paper $2.95.

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The CIA File. (co-editor with John Marks). Grossman Publishers. $8.95.

MICHAEL DENNIS BROWNE. *Sun Exercises.* Red Studio Press. Paper $4.95.

JOSEPH BRUCHAC. *The Road to Black Mountain.* Thorp Springs Press. Paper $4.

This Earth is a Drum. Cold Mountain Press. $4.

VERN L. BULLOUGH. *Sexual Variance in Society and History.* Wiley-Interscience/John Wiley & Sons. $25.95.

Sex, Society and History. Science History/Neale Watson Academic Publications. $4.50.

ALFRED CORN. *All Roads at Once.* The Viking Press. $5.95.

VERN COUNTRYMAN (with Ted Finman & Theodore Schneyer). *The Lawyer in Modern Society* (reissue). Little, Brown and Co. $19.

RONNIE DUGGER (editor). *Three Men in Texas, Roy Bedichek, J. Frank Dobie, and Walter Webb, Essays by Their Friends in The Texas Observer* (reprint). University of Texas Press. Paper $6.95.

DAVID KING DUNAWAY. *Jungle Sea.* Johanna Press (P.O. Box 2250, Berkeley, Calif. 94702). Paper $2.

REP. BOB ECKHARDT (with Charles L. Black Jr.). *The Tides of Power: Conversations on the American Constitution.* Yale University Press. $10.95.

RICHARD ELMAN. *The Man Who Ate New York & Other Poems.* New Rivers Press. Paper $1.25.

Taxi Driver. Bantam Books. Paper $1.50.

LOUIS FISHER (contributor). *Cases in American Politics.* Praeger Publishers. $4.95.

ADDISON GAYLE. *The Way of the New World: The Black Novel in America.* Doubleday & Co. Paper $3.95.

PAUL GOOD. *The Trouble I've Seen: White Journalist, Black Movement.* Howard University Press. $8.95.

OTIS L. GRAHAM Jr. *Toward a Planned Society: From Roosevelt to Nixon.* Oxford University Press. $11.95. Paper $3.95.

SAMUEL HAZO. *The Very Fall of the Sun.* The Hudson Review. $2.50.

NAT HENTOFF. *Jazz Is.* Ridge Press/Random House. $10.

Gasoline Alley (with Dick Moores). Avon Books. $3.95.

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ. *Social Science & Public Policy in the United States.* Praeger Publishers. $16.95. Paper $5.95.

Genocide: State Power and Mass Murder. Transaction Books. $5.95.

THOMAS JOHNSON. *The Gardens of Our Going.* Two Windows Press. $4.25.

The Ice Futures. Copper Canyon Press. $3.50.

TOM JONES. *No Prisoners.* Skeptic Magazine Press (812 Presidio Ave. Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101). $3.95.

JOEL KOVEL. *A Complete Guide to Therapy.* Pantheon Books. $10.

LEONARD KRIEGEL. *Notes for the Two-Dollar Window: Portraits from an American Neighborhood.* E.P. Dutton/Saturday Review Press. $8.95.

CORLISS LAMONT (editor). *Studies on India and Vietnam.* (By Helen B. Lamb.) Monthly Review Press. $16.50.

CHARLES R. LARSON. *The Novel in the Third World.* Inscape Corporation. $16.50.

Opaque Shadows and Other African Stories (editor). Inscape Corporation. $12.50.

MEREDITH LUYTEN. *Prayerwheels.* Pourboire Press (Box 315, Woods Hole, Mass. 02543). $3.

HEATHER McHUGH. *Dangers.* Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.95. Paper $3.95.

JEFFREY MEYERS. *A Fever at the Core: The Idealist in Politics.* Barnes & Noble Books. $15.

George Orwell: An Annotated Bibliography of Criticism. Garland Publishing. $18.

ARTHUR S. MILLER. *The Modern Corporate State: Private Governments and the American Constitution.* Greenwood Press. $15.

DAVID AND NANCY MILTON. *The Wind Will Not Subside: Years in Revolutionary China, 1964-1969.* Pantheon Books. $15. Paper $4.95.

ROBERT K. MORRIS (editor). *Old Lines, New Forces: Essays on the Contemporary British Novel.* Fairleigh Dickinson University Press. $12.75.

RONALD RADOSH (editor). *The New Cuba: Paradoxes and Potentials.* William Morrow and Co. $8.95.

ALEKSIS RANNIT. *Donum estonicum/Poems in Translation* (translated from the Estonian by Cid Corman and H.W. Tjalsma). Elizabeth Press. $16. Paper $8.

DAVID RAY (co-editor with Taylor Stoehr). *The Writings of Paul Goodman.* New Letters. $5.

Since Feeling is First: An Anthology of New American Poetry (co-editor with Gary Gildner). New Letters. $2.50.

THEODORE ROSZAK. *The Unfinished Animal: The Aquarian Frontier and the Evolution of Consciousness.* Harper & Row. $10.

ARAM SAROYAN. *O My Generation and Other Poems.* Blackberry Books. Paper $2.

WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Sons Come and Go, Mothers Hang in Forever.* McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

GRACE SCHULMAN. *Burn Down the Icons.* Princeton University Press. $7.50. Paper $3.95.

JOEL SELIGMAN (with Ralph Nader and Mark Green). *Taming the Giant Corporation.* W.W. Norton & Co. $10.50.

MICHAEL SELZER (with Florence Miale). *The Nuremberg Mind: The Psychology of the Nazi Leaders.* Quadrangle / The New York Times Book Co. $10.95.

DEREK SHEARER. *Public Policy Reader.* Institute for Policy Studies. $7.50.

Essays on Economic Democracy. California Public Policy Center. Paper $1.25.

ROBERT SHERRILL. *The Last Kennedy: Edward M. Kennedy of Massa-*

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chusetts, Before and After Chappaquiddick. Dial Press. $8.95.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D. *A Spy in the House of Medicine.* Aspen Systems Corp. $15.

WILLIAM STAFFORD (with Kim Stafford). *Braided Apart: Poems.* Confluence Press. $3.50.

MICHAEL G. STEPHENS. *Still Life.* Kroesen Books.

Tangun Legend: Korean Poems. Seamark Press (Iowa City, Iowa).

ROBERT JOE STOUT. *Swallowing Dust.* Red Hill Press. $3.50.

The Trick. Juniper Press. $2.

MARY SWANDER. *Needlepoint.* University of Montana Press. $2.25.

BRIAN SWANN (co-translator with Michael Impey). *First Poems of Tristan Tzara.* New Rivers Press. $10. Paper $2.50.

Selected Poems of Tudor Arghezi (co-translator with Michael Impey). Princeton University Press. Paper $5.95.

Shema: Collected Poems of Primo Levi (co-translator with Ruth Feldman). Menard Press (London).

H.L. VAN BRUNT. *Feral: Crow-Breath & Caw.* The Conspiracy Press (P.O. Box 7191, State Capitol Station, Albany, N.Y. 12224). $1.50.

The Pushcart Prize: Best of the Small Presses (co-editor). Pushcart Press (P.O. Box 845, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701). $12.50. Paper (Avon Books) $5.95.

JOHN VERNON. *Ann.* Iris Press (27 Chestnut St., Binghamton, N.Y.). Paper $3.

DAVID VOGEL (with Leonard Silk). *Ethics and Profits. The Crisis of Confidence in American Business.* Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT. *Claiming Kin.* Wesleyan University Press. $7.50. Paper $3.45.

LINDA W. WAGNER (with David C. Mead). *Introducing Poems.* Harper & Row. Paper $6.95.

Interviews with William Carlos Williams. New Directions. Paper $2.95.

IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN (co-editor with Peter C. Gutkind). *The Political Economy of Contemporary Africa.* Sage Publications. Paper $7.50.

The Modern World System. Academic Press. Paper $4.95.

EDMUND WHITE. *Forgetting Elena.* Popular Library. Paper $1.50.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS. *Keywords.* Oxford University Press. $10.95. Paper $3.50.

GEORGE WOODCOCK. *South Sea Journey.* Fitzhenry & Whiteside (Toronto). $12.

JAMES D. WRIGHT. *The Dissent of the Governed: Alienation and Democracy in America.* Academic Press. $16.50.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

At the Museum of Modern Art paintings by Jackson Pollock, Clyfford Still, Barnett Newman and Mark Rothko, which used to be presented in terms of originality and breakthrough, are being shown in a different light. We are invited now to recognize their continuity with the past, their Americanness. This normalizing of successful *avant-gardes* has occurred before—for an example, the revising of Cubism as "essentially" a form of classicism, and by extension something peculiarly French. What the Modern offers is the Bicentennialization of Abstract Expressionism and it rests on some strained art history.

It is the program of "The Natural Paradise: Painting in America 1800-1950" to affiliate the field painters among the Abstract Expressionists with the art of the past.* Not just any past: de Kooning, who made use of Rubens in the earlier paintings of women, for example, is absent, because his source is European. Kline is absent, too, though his black signs look as much like trees and rocks as Rothko's blocks of soft color look like sky paintings or as Still's planes of color resemble the plains of Dakota where he was born. The landscape analogy is pressed in the exhibition by a panorama of works from the last century. One part of the argument is that "luminism," taken by James Thomas Flexner (1954) and Barbara Novak (1969) to be a distinguishing trait of 19th-century American art, can be extended to the color of the field painters. In addition, the 19th-century interest in landscape as the vehicle of a sublime aesthetic has been linked by Robert Rosenblum with the big pictures of Still, Newman and Rothko. The shows rests on an amalgam made by Kynaston McShine of Novak and Rosenblum, both of whom contribute to the catalogue.

There is no doubt that some of the Abstract Expressionists knew about and were concerned with the sublime. Newman wrote an article, "The Sublime is Now," in 1948. Still has acknowledged his interest in the subject and so has Robert Motherwell, but Motherwell is not in the show: is he perhaps too European with all those *Spanish* elegies of his? (I would have thought his prolongation of an easy rhythmic pattern over many pictures might be comparable to, say, Longfellow's "Hiawatha.") It is the landscape analogy that is objectionable, not the connection to the sublime as such. It is an error to identify sublimity only with the mountains, waterfalls and storms of the continental tract at large. This was not how the sublime was conceived by Newman who went straight to Edmund Burke's book on the Sublime and the Beautiful and to the classical text of Longinus. He referred to an art of "great thoughts" and high aesthetic ambition, not to an art of sublimated topography.

The notion of inherent luminism can be maintained only by shutting an eye to other aspects of 19th-century art, such as its explicitness. There is in it a persistent hard core of factual imagery which can take the forms of enumerative detail or of sculpturesque modeling. There is no equivalent to either in U.S. Abstract painting. Frederick Edwin Church, for example, could be said to share "grandeur" with Still, but there is nothing in him that corresponds to Still's big, flat, reduced-color areas. Church's episodic diversity (foreground outcrop, mountain geology, rainbow, mist in the valley, palm trees, etc.), in his "Rainy Season in the Tropics" cannot be matched with the field painters. I can see a few years hence, when the Modern Museum takes cognizance of realist art, another show. Perhaps it could be put on by the son of McShine. He could take the same pictures and put them in orbit with another bunch of later artists, this time realists, and he could demonstrate the continuities of factual, no-nonsense naturalism in American culture. It would be at least as convincing as the present hand of cards. And it would have one advantage: at least there would be the justification

*This exhibition closed after Mr. Alloway's column was in type.

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that the later group was thinking about the earlier, whereas the Abstract Expressionists were not. Our present taste for 19th-century studies is being imposed on artists for whom 19th-century art had minimum significance.

There are incongruities galore in this exhibition, and often they harden into irreconcilabilities. A little painting by Martin Johnson Heade, "Approaching Storm: Beach Near Newport," is compared to Pollock's huge "Autumn Rhythm": it's all nature. We are invited to see both Andrew Wyeth and Mark Tobey in kinship to the U.S. landscape, which is hard to swallow. This kind of revisionary wit works in history-of-ideas articles, but to sustain the point in the presence of the original works is out of the question. The possible links are not so much argued in the catalogue as suggested and the specifics of the works themselves isolate them from one another. An exhibition is not a rational form for this kind of thesis and McShine has failed to embody, in a convincing array of real works, the theoretical projections of his art historical sources.

A most ambiguous relationship is set up between the formality of the 20th-century paintings and the subject matter of the 19th-century ones. Flatness and color are assigned misleading natural references. It is a completely one-way process: the early works are not updated by the pairing; it is only the later works that are changed. The concept of Romanticism is not being expanded, only loosened. It is a nationalistic tactic, of course, to isolate American Abstract art in a web of internal sources and traditions, thus making it uniquely our own. Only blacks can understand black art, only women can really appreciate women's art, and only American art historians have really understood Abstract Expressionism in the Bicentennial year. A discriminatory and possessive view of art is being advanced.

Within the amiable but promiscuous embrace of the show as a whole a few verifiable links are given. That between Augustus Vincent Tack and Still, between Milton Avery and Rothko, and between Dove and O'Keeffe, on the one hand, and William Baziotes and Theodorus Stamos, on the other. That is quite worth demonstrating, but you have to look hard to find it within McShine's general notion of America the bountiful, America the infinite. The main attraction of the show however is not in its chauvinistic theory but in the generous representation of 19th-century American figurative art, tough, emotionally exploitive, and self-assured. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC / Nat Hentoff

For me, as a boy, the two most exhilarating sources of song were cantors in Orthodox Jewish synagogues and black blues singers at dances and jazz clubs. Improvisation was central to both idioms, but within firm, traditional forms. What drew me to both was the emotional power of the singing—one religious, one secular, both dealing with the fundamental themes: God, sex, mortality, desperation, release. And from time to time, exaltation; the blues were not only keening, I soon found out, and cantors too sometimes got high on chanting.

Forty years ago, there seemed to be an endless supply of cantors and blues singers, nearly all of whom, moreover, appeared to have more stamina than the average mortal. Frail, elderly men, originally from Poland or Russia or Romania, were fresher after hours of fierce pleading and settling with God than the wilted American boys in their choirs. And in the jazz clubs, the black storytellers of the blues also sounded as if they could go on all night. I especially remember one early morning at the Savoy Café in Boston when Oran "Hot Lips" Page, the trumpet player and blues singer, expansively spent more than an hour on one blues alone; it was a sort of anthology of all blues. Never repeating a lyric, he ended the number with a grin that indicated he had just been warming up.

But now, relatively few of the traditional cantors are left. Their American successors often have impressive vocal equipment; but the "cry," the soul force in the singers from the old country, does not exist in our native imitations. It is not their fault. You can bring to this music only what you yourself have experienced. Meanwhile, most of the hugely alive blues bards are no longer so. Jimmy Rushing is gone; also Peetie Wheatstraw ("The Devil's Son-in-Law"); and "Lips" Page. Almost the last of the blues titans is Joe Turner, once the Kansas City singing bartender who not only belted and caressed the blues all night long but would still be at it the next morning.

Big Joe Turner needs more rest these nights. At 65, afflicted with diabetes, he has to sit while he sings, with a cane beside him for when he walks. But the power and the deep warmth are still there. As Whitney Balliett has written, Turner's "is a huge voice, a pre-microphone voice—a Bessie Smith voice that was trained a long time ago to carry across fields and down streets and through ballrooms." When he opened a while ago at the Cookery in Greenwich Village, however, Joe seemed to be almost whispering and looked very unhappy. "Man," he said to me after the first set, "I can't let it out. They say this place is too small for me to be myself, so I have to sing soft." Management decided to let Joe Turner loose, and from then on, it was an engagement that, years hence, some people will be telling their grandchildren about.

If you want to get a sense of Big Joe at 65, his best album in years, *In the Evenin'* (Pablo/distributed in America by RCA), has just been released. With a small combo, particularly enlivened by lithe alto saxophonist Bob Smith, Turner regenerates, in still surprising ways, such classical literature of blues and jazz as Leroy Carr's *In the Evenin'*; *Corrine, Corrina* and *Sweet Lorraine.* The voice is large and mellow and more resourceful with age, the shadings and inflections being more diverse and subtle. There is also a pervasive sense of magisterial relaxation. His big frame is no longer limber, but when Joe works, he's comfortable with himself. He knows exactly what he can do and that no one around can do it nearly as well.

Listening to Big Joe Turner, I remembered something Leadbelly had said: "You gotta talk to the blues. They wanna talk to you. You gotta tell 'em something." Same with that old-time cantorial music. In both, the singers who mattered were able to individualize a venerable tradition while disciplining their not inconsiderable egos so that they never forgot the sources of their strength. And since both idioms often dealt with such universals as the transience of us all, a certain modesty was most appropriate. "You mighty beautiful," Joe likes to sing, "but you gotta die some day. I want a little loving before you pass away." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Negro Ensemble Company has done itself proud with its production of Charles Fuller's *The Brownsville Raid* (Theatre de Lys). Text, acting, direction are all of a piece and all good. I express my opinion in this blunt fashion because there is something so direct, compact, decisive and simple about the event that one leaves the theatre with a sense of having been informed by a statement so definitive and convincing that any further gloss on it becomes redundant.

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In 1906, during Theodore Roosevelt's Presidency, a company of black U.S. Army soldiers was stationed in the town of Brownsville, Texas. They were all enlisted men and their ranking member, Sgt. Maj. Mingo Saunders (admirably played by Douglas Turner Ward), had been in the service for more than twenty years and several times engaged in action (in Cuba and the Philippines). One night a shooting took place in which a Mexican and a white man were killed. Exactly what provoked the violence, or who was responsible for it, was unknown. The townsfolk were sure that a black soldier, perhaps more than one, was guilty. No one in authority doubted this, but no concrete evidence was adduced.

The company's white captain insisted that Mingo discover the culprit. All the men claimed to have been asleep in their bunks at the time of the incident, and no one came forward to admit any participation in the matter. The War Office in Washington sent down a major and then a general to investigate. They were unable to elicit the slightest indication of who, if any, among the soldiers might have been involved.

The investigators decided that their inability to root out the guilty party constituted a conspiracy of silence on the part of the whole company. To prove his men innocent Mingo requested an open trial. The request was categorically rejected. The Army, with the President's indignant concurrence, ordered the entire company—including Sergeant Mingo—to be dismissed without an honorable discharge.

One of the soldiers was suspected by several of the men and by the Sergeant. He had been seen returning to the barracks immediately after the shooting, but there was no conclusive evidence that he was in fact implicated. The men agreed, one of them reluctantly, that if justice was to be done, they themselves would have to put the suspected soldier on trial, just as the company as a whole should have received similar treatment. But since they could not conduct such a trial, they decided not to voice suspicion of their comrade in arms. They were therefore obliged to submit to the blanket discharge.

What makes the play stirring is that all its characters—the white officers as well as each of the blacks—are honestly, incisively and often humorously drawn. The writing is apt: there are no routine or wasted words, no bathos, no special pleading or false heroics, not even an invidious portrayal of the white officers. Each figure is a truly observed person. We are confronted with facts which are not merely faithful to the record but fleshed in the living matter of authentic individuality.

The social and political background—especially in the scenes where a canny and adroit representative of the Booker T. Washington forces comes to plead with the President to delay peremptory action—add to our understanding of the situation, not alone as a single incident but as an historical phenomenon of broad connotations. The entire cast is excellent; the direction by Israel Hicks exemplary. □

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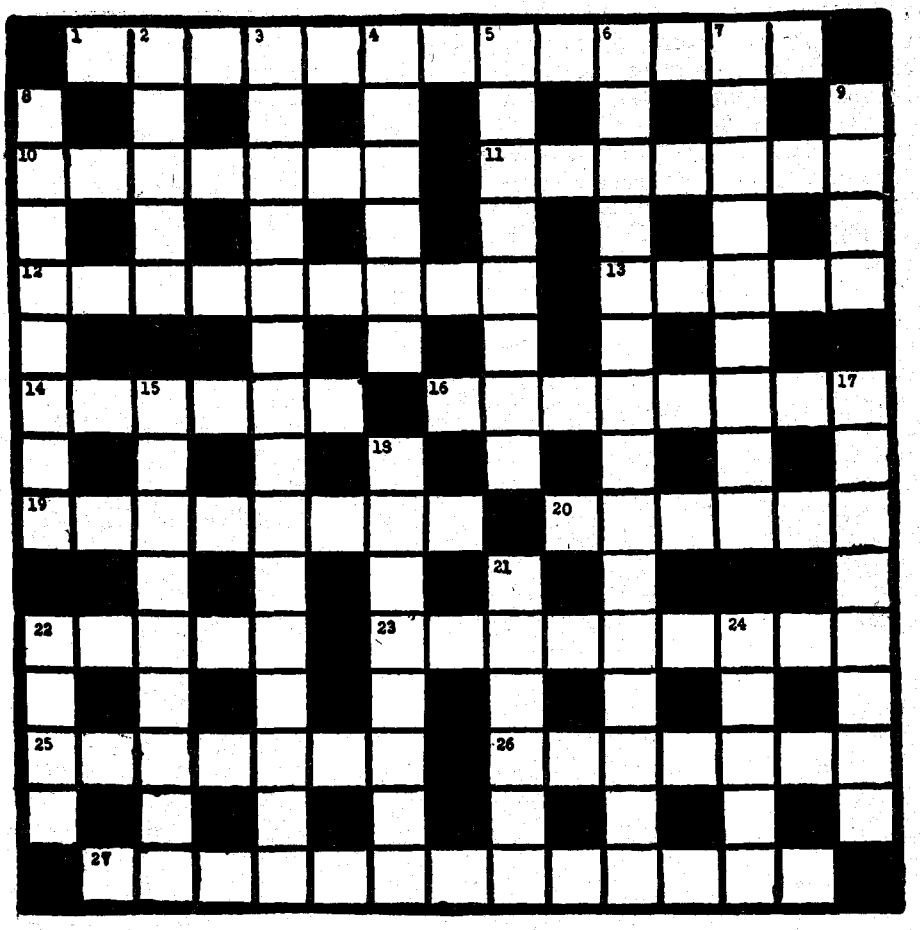
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A single sign of "quality," with a few more words on someone's joint, is a topping manoeuver! (13)
10 and 13 across A couple more than the head of 1 across would be more than a company gathering. (6,1,5)
11 Quite an afternoon event livened up by Aphrodite. (7)
12 A crib lies here, already made up, but not for the even-tempered. (9)
13 See 10 across
14 The bottle's cap eventually shows leakage. (6)
16 Bull Run? Not exactly, though a headlong flight. (8)
19 The company 10-13 follows; watch, perhaps, for the unfaithful one. (3-5)
20 Loud stringed instruments, or just the kind one blows? (6)
22 Mother and child in the lodge, perhaps. (5)
23 Exhibit some trials display for customers here. (9)
25 Our bed's 18, prepared for one in bed, perhaps. (7)
26 Made to have long-lasting anger, because high position came first. (7)
27 Sounds somewhat like letters from those who may be the guilty parties. (13)

DOWN

2 Not-quite-ordinary opera. (5)
3 Somewhat like Caesar's wife should be? (15)
4 Having a lot of crust, but certainly not like a union man! (6)
5 Increases a nutmeg's potential. (8)
6 After what you've done, are you satisfied to have it? (4-11)
7 One might not care about outside events. (9)
8 Harsh-sounding point carried by Neptune. (8)
9 See 21 down
15 Decides on something, which sounds like a couple are elected. (7,2)
17 Half of what then goes all around the town. (4,4)
18 Deep sums are this by it. (6,2)
21 and 9 down Starts with more than 10 does, but shows what poker players might like, in case of a tie. (4-2-4)
22 Classical sea horse. (4)
24 A division in a group in Tito's country. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1659

ACROSS: 1 Anatomy; 5 and 3 The gift of gab; 9 Owing; 11 Scribbled; 12 Niece; 13 Descend; 15 Raiders; 17 Rostrum; 19 Leghorn; 21 Uncap; 23 Lightning; 25 and 10 Dollars to doughnuts; 26 Title; 27 Dresses; 28 Solaces. DOWN: 1 Aroused; 2 Apiarists; 4 Yodeled; 5 Thunder; 6 Enhancing; 7 In use; 8 Tassels; 14 Europeans; 16 Egotistic; 17 Rounded; 18 Molests; 19 Legions; 20 Nuggets; 22 Calve; 24 Total.

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